

# CAVALCADE

MAY 1946 1/-



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THE HOME OF TODAY BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.S.A.  
GEMS FROM THE CAVALCADE STORYTELLER

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# Cavalcade

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# HOLLYWOOD

LIZBETH GARDINER

## SUCCESS STORY



Australians who have sought Hollywood fame haven't always succeeded.

THE Australian press saw it, and you probably saw it. The press had a lot to say about it, too.

It was a film called *The Man From Down Under*, and the gentlemen of the press who beamed, swore that it glorified Australia and the Australians.

Hollywood, in reply, said: "Yeah, but we don't get that beef. We had a technical adviser on that film. A dinky-di Orstralian."

Letters and cables started back and forth "O.K." said Australia. "But why are we made out to be whiskey-drinking, half-witted morons? Why didn't you put an authentic A.I.P. uniform on the screen? If you wanted to film a Brisbane hotel, why didn't you find out what one looked like?"

Hollywood answered, "But he was a dinky-di Orstralian!"

That should have flattered the

A.P., but they had the final word: "Well, there can't be any dinkum Australians in Hollywood if they allow stuff through like that."

It was an inadequate final word, for the disgruntled press knew there were many Australians in Hollywood . . . ambassadors who should have been "dinkum" enough to provide the American motion picture industry with a more authentic description of Australia, if given the chance.

It was briefly and, perhaps over-casual, stated that Aussies who reach the more cosmopolitan atmosphere of Hollywood, not only leave Australia, but all thought of it. Australians invited to act as advisers on pictures dealing with "down under" apparently forget some of the essentials which make Australia so typically Australian. Now and then we have been inclined to regard Aussies in Hollywood more

as runaways than honorary ambassadors.

Then, again, Australia is a very big place, and few dinky-di Australians are familiar with it all. What Americans know the details of all the 48 States?

One of the first duties handed to Ann Richards when she arrived at M.G.M. studios was the job of advising on a "Doctor Gillespie" film. A character in the picture was supposed to be an Australian, and was required to "talk Australian."

The collection of slang gathered from the script must have required a deal of exhaustive research on the writer's part. Perhaps this was outside Ann's province, perhaps her advice was ignored. In the made film an ordinary Australian could never cram so many colloquialisms into one simple sentence.

Arriving in Hollywood over two years ago, Ann Richards played her first Hollywood role in a short entitled *Peewee is the Hawk*. Screen critics admitted that she had done well. She was hopeful of more work, but dumbfounded when the offer came to play opposite Brian Donlevy in "America."

Press notices after the release of this film, particularly in Australia, were not so kind. She was accused of being "wooden," "stiff," and "unemotional." Apparently Hollywood itself took a more liberal view, for Ann Richards now has a star printed on her dressingroom door.

The obvious answer to the question: "Why do talented Australians go overseas?" is that they believe opportunities in this country are still limited — particularly in the film industry. Many young

Thompsons, believing that small success in Australia entails fame abroad, discover handslaps and defeat instead. Success abroad is not automatic, and something more than ambition is necessary before it is sought.

Backed by an Australian Com monwealth Prize for her role in *Heritage*, playing opposite Charles Farrell in *The Flying Doctor*, Mary Maguire received a big press ballyhoo when she left for Hollywood in 1936.

She had all the qualities necessary for success. She was good-looking, charming, and a fair enough actress to make the grade. She had a letter of introduction from the director of *Heritage*, Miles Mander, to John Farrow, the Warner Bros. accountant. Her pious parents feared the venture, and everyone wished her well.

In Hollywood, she made half a dozen mediocre films, then left for London, where she married and then stopped acting.

All that is left of Mary Maguire's brief conquest of Hollywood is a stack of out-of-date glamour shots and a two-page biography of her personal life, obviously manufactured by the studio publicity staff, stating that Mary "likes pineapples, but not cake with lolly-pink icing." It said that Mary came "from the land of the kangaroo and the duck-billed platypus," and that she preferred American clothes to Australian.

On the other side of the success balance sheet is the story of Edward Ashley, who was born at Rose Bay, Sydney. Originally named Edward Huxley-Cooper, Ashley signed a contract with

OLIVE wanted a happy home marriage . . . children . . . living . . . She wanted them just for herself, and her husband, she found that her world wasn't bounded by the four walls of her home; she learned that her neighbors are part of her life, too, and she knows how she came to understand this. Her story is one of the features of *Apex TRUE STORY* magazine, now edited and published in Australia. You will find, too, fashions, recipes and beauty hints on the April issue of *TRUE STORY* Magazine.

M.G.M. in 1940, but interrupted his career by joining the American Ferry Command for the duration.

Never a really outstanding success, Ashley always managed to keep his name before the public, even during the war—a was precaution which ensured him an even better film contract in peace. When leaving for America last year, his sister, Ben Huxley Cooper said it was unlikely that either Ashley or she would settle in Australia again, although their parents were still here. "Most opportunities in America," she said briefly.

In his early acting days, Ashley made a screen test in Hollywood, and it was a flop, both for himself and his girl partner. He took the studio's decision philosophically, and decided to return to the stage.

His partner was not so easily cajoled. She was sure that her acting days were over.

Over coffee, she confessed to Ashley that she was also Australian . . . born in Tasmania. She

had been christened Estelle Thompson, but had changed her name to Merle Oberon.

Five years later, Ashley was amused and delighted to read of her success in the film *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. She played the role of Anne Boleyn.

On the strength of that performance, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. chose Merle for his leading lady in *Don Jago*. By this time, more offers were pouring in . . . including a contract to play opposite Leslie Howard in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

Her marriage to Alexander Korda and his eventual knighthood seemed to be the perfect crown to Merle's success. But when they were divorced in 1945, Korda himself said that he "could never love a woman for more than three years." Merle was silent on the subject, except for the brief sentence that they were still "very good friends."

Far from being an enthusiastic ambassador for her native Australia, Merle made no comment when persistent rumors circulated that she was really born in India.

Leaving Australia with the good wishes of the press in 1936, Joy Howarth changed her name to Constance Worth and resolved to follow up on her previous Australian film successes. There was, perhaps, more public excitement over her departure than over any other Australian leaving here for years.

In May, 1937, the news broke that she had married George Brent. Ten days later, it was reported that Brent sought an annulment of the marriage, alleging it

did not comply with Mexican laws. Joy took the case to court, won the action, then divorced Brent on the ground of mental cruelty.

Australians were shocked for a time, but in a few months the incident was forgotten. Joy was also forgotten, not only here, but also in Hollywood. She appeared in a badly-made, "B" class film, then the studio cancelled her contract. Visitors to America and various movie magazines reported that she had been seen working as a waitress in a roadside restaurant. Then, suddenly, she appeared in another film.

Bad publicity, which glamorized and even popularized a personality, was the court case against another Australian, Erol Flynn, a few years ago. Flynn, Tasmanian-born, was a pearl fisher off Tahiti when an Australian film company came there to make *In the Wake of the Bounty*. The director chose him for the role of Christian, and Flynn found the work so interesting and profitable, that he

immediately packed his tackle and sailed for London. He was playing on the stage there when Warners signed him for the lead in *Captain Blood*, which made him a star.

Although most people think that Cecil Kellaway is an Australian, he was really born in Capetown, South Africa. But he lived for so long in this country, and played in so many Australian films and stage plays, that he can justifiably claim Australian citizenship.

At a time when most countries have used films as effective propaganda, Australia has made no attempt to exploit her film industry . . . except for a few Department of Information shorts. In the space of four years, there have only been four or five full length films made. That is why ambitious Australians leave home.

Names such as May Robson, Judith Anderson, Alan Marshall, Joe Kirkwood, Jr., and Joan Winfield mean talent in Hollywood; but they do not spell "Australia," as they should.



## TWO LITTLE

# Ghosts IN BLUE

The first thing the gaudsme saw was an eye — torn from a living victim.

RODERICK THEW



THE father had been a dipsomaniac who violated his eldest daughter, and the mother was a hysterical subject, crazy for money. A cousin had died in the madhouse and an uncle had hanged himself because his life was without joy.

The girls themselves were sisters of 22 and 28 years respectively, but they looked like twins when in the cold dampness of a rainy February morning in 1933 Mr. Truth escorted them, clad in blue kimono, to the police station of Le Mans.

Mr. Truth was a policeman, and a young one, too. He had been quietly going about his duty until, at perhaps nine o'clock at night, the little lawyer, Lancelin, who lived in the Rue de Bruyere, Le Mans, called for help.

"And what sort of help do you want?" they asked him.

Lancelin waved his hands. "My wife — my house — come and see — and there are lights —"

Actually it meant that he had had a dinner appointment with his wife and daughter and another lawyer. He had met the other

lawyer; his wife and daughter had not arrived, and they had gone to gether to Lancelin's house.

Nobody answered the knock at the door. Lancelin had no key. He saw a dim light in an upstairs window flicker out as he approached the house. As he decided to call on police help, and he and his friend walked away, the dim light flickered again.

The police went to the Rue de Bruyere with him. Mr. Truth was one of them: there were two others.

The door of the house was broken down, and they went in. They searched the ground floor, and discovered that the electricity had been cut off. They climbed the first flight of stairs and turned on to the second. Mr. Truth felt sick. He waved Lancelin and the other lawyer back, and beckoned the other policeman forward.

No well-stomached reader will be interested in the details of what met Mr. Truth's gaze. On the third step, all alone, lay an eye.

On the landing itself the Lancelin mother and daughter lay,

crumpled and smashed, their heads battered to pieces, and their thighs notched with a sharp-bladed knife. Their finger nails had been rooted out, one of the daughter's teeth had been knocked out and driven like a tack into her skull.

Another eye, torn from its socket, lay on the floor.

Blood had softened the carpet to a soggy mass.

The policemen were startled. They told Mr. Truth to advance. He went to the attic where the light had been seen, and he saw it again, hiding under the bottom of the door. Mr. Truth battered the door in, and found in a single bed two girls in blue kimonos.

These two girls were Christine (28) and Lea (22) Papin, whose unfortunate heredity has already been recounted. They had been in service with the Lancelin's for some time. They were good servants, obedient, clean and energetic.

They did not, it appeared, like the Lancelin women as hosts. They were tight-lipped and kept servants in full consciousness of their humble station, though they treated them well in respect to quarters, food and warmth.

But the Lancelins were scolders. Even little things made them scold. An electric fan was blown out on Wednesday and repaired on Thursday. It blew out on Friday, and the house lights were rendered ineffective as well.

The sisters Papin knew that when the ladies of the house came home there would be choice trouble, wailing of hands and high exhortation. The Papin sisters had been through it before. They rebelled. They rebelled be-

fore it happened. They nipped it in the bud.

Mrs. Lancelin came in from their walk at six o'clock to get dressed for dinner with their husband and father and friend. The revolt broke as they entered the hall. Two women rebelled against two women, and the rebels won. They scattered their miscreants over ten feet of hallway and staircase. Then they retired to their room, stripped off their stained dresses, donned their blue kimonos and went into the double bed.

Things remained static until the alarm was raised by M. Lancelin and Mr. Truth arrived on the scene to represent the law.

Six months elapsed before the Papin girls came for trial at the Le Mans courthouse. The most expensive of Parisian lawyers made the journey to take part in the case. The girls were defended by Pierre Chautemps, whose cousin Camille was then Prime Minister of France. They had as a witness the expert in psychology, Professor Legue, who told the court he had a "colossal doubt of their sanity." The sad history of the family was brought out for inspection as proof that they came from a highly unreliable blood strain. Legue contributed the thought that the girls were a psychological couple — given over to the abnormalities of Lesbianism. Christine gave point to the whole build-up of her mental abnormality by reacting in court the details of visions she had had while she was in goal awaiting trial.

The court was pretty firm. In spite of the highly undesirable heredity factors it pronounced the

# ODE TO A TELEPHONIST

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That the line is not yet clear,  
Come, awaken from your slumbers  
For they lay me on my bier.  
See, my telephonic parlour!  
Up and juggle with that bell,  
Ere beset by night mariners,  
I am borne from here to hell.  
My call of love! I am!  
Soon I'll take believed  
upstairs!  
Though my will is a growing  
weakness—  
Blame! I've gone and lost my  
suspense!

girls 100 per cent mentally responsive, and when Lagre objected, the court asked him how long he had studied the girls.

"Six months," he said.

"Since the crime?"

"The six months since the crime."

"But there is no record of your visits to the girl."

"I did not visit the girl. I had the facts before me in my study; I recognize their significance; I have psychoanalysed these girls from the data."

"But you did not see them?"

"No."

"You did not study them — you studied given facts about them?"

"That would be correct, but —"

"Then you did not study the girls. Evidence overruled."

So the slates were still sane.

What about Christine's dreams?

So much taradiddle: an astute

move to create an impression. The jury wiped at aside.

"Wasn't that all just make-believe?" the prison officials asked her later.

Christine looked demure. "If memories wobble," she answered demurely and politely.

During the entire court proceedings Christine sat in the dock with her eyes closed, looking like a medium in a trance. When addressed she rose to her feet and blindly said almost nothing.

The case proved to have its point of grim uniqueness. The only record in criminal annals where the eyes were removed from the living head without the use of any instrument but the fingers of the criminals.

The only case on record in which two criminals duplicated on two victims the same tortures, almost move by move, as if the one crime had been done by both of them playing to a scenario — as if one crime had been done and seen "in double."

The judge took it all in. He found no evidence of class hatred, and was pleased to record that these women, though they had killed their mistress and daughter in a France riddled by Bolshevik motives of revolt against the ruling class.

The judge remembered that plus books had been found in the rooms occupied by the girls. He seemed equally pleased to mention that no bad literary influence had prompted these girls to the crime of which they were accused.

Literature played another part. Paris newspapers hired the best-

known and most spectacular writers of that decadent decade to be present at the trial. Successful writers of sensational novels went down and wrote the trial as if it were some super-granious brain-child of theirs.

They did not report, either; they openly took sides to make their story good. To some of them the girls were little better than martyrs; the blood of the Lancelin's, crying vengeance from the carpet, went unheard.

To others justice seemed not to be involved — they vacillated as the ingredients of the tale dictated. Never in years had the Paris press such an orgy of licensed horror as poured into the columns of daily papers as well as reviews and magazines. Dr. Jacques Lozon, a scholarly man, wrote a treatise on *Motiver Parasitic Crime*, which he submitted to the *Misantrope*, which published it. No stone was left unturned in any direction by the valuations of law, literature and science,

in an endeavour to make capital of the crime.

The foreman of the jury had the last significant word in the case. Lea was sentenced to ten years in prison and twenty years exile from the municipality of Le Mans. Christine was sentenced to be beheaded.

When that sentence was passed Christine fell to her knees in the court. She stood up to the horrors of the crime, the long dream-invaded imprisonment, the contrast in difference of the trial — she broke.

She was led back to her cell. The warden told her that, as women were never guillotined in France in this modern age, her sentence would automatically become life imprisonment. She felt better then.

But little lawyer Lancelin had all the horror of that broken dinner date resurrected in his mind. He was lonely, desolate, weeping. He was the sufferer — nobody gave him a thought.





Dead for 1,000 years, her evil influence wrecked men's lives.

BROWNING THOMPSON



## MEDUSA in London

SHE was a fascinating woman from whom emanated an aura of evil: it was instinct in her thick eyebrows and the heavy, drooping lids that almost covered her eyes. Her nose was arched, cruelly above lips that were thick and fleshy. Wavy dark-brown hair set like Medusa's serpent about this extraordinary face. She was not beautiful, yet she exercised some rare hypnotic compulsion from the very evil vitality of her features. She was a woman to fear...

Here is the story of the deaths. Two of them, at first, baffling to the police, occurred on a ship at sea; there was no explicable reason why either of the victims should have suffered violence. They were British subjects who had been for a holiday to Egypt, and had enjoyed the quiet trip home through the beautiful Mediterranean.

The Bay of Biscay had been crossed and Southampton was near

when a quick crack of shot whirled briefly over the silent deck.

One of the men found the other dead on the floor of his cabin. There was a bullet through his heart.

The ship was shocked; in previous days things were held up pending the docking of the ship; then the police would come aboard and take charge.

Before the ship reached port, however, they had another worry: the second man had disappeared.

Police were baffled by the double mystery. They took charge of the baggage of the two travellers, and investigated it. It was quite normal travellers' baggage: suitcases of clothes, the necessities and little luxuries of voyagers, the usual souvenirs which, coming from Egypt, included a mummy.

No clue at all to the mystery lay here. The baggage was given over to the relatives of the dead.

In 1885 Madame Blavatsky, the heroine of theosophy, spent a week-end with friends in Streatham, London.

It was not a happy week-end. As the occult student entered the house she announced that there was an evil influence there. She became more and more impressed by it as the time went by, and finally it was this influence, she declared, that drove her away.

Madame was a woman whose word carried weight among her friends. They had the house searched — and at the end of their search, in a rick, dusty attic under the roof, they found a large, neglected package.

It was a discovery that filled them with sorrow, for it was part of a dead man's baggage. Baggage the police had seen eleven years before, after the unexplained mystery on the Mediterranean ship. There was the mummy. And this mummy, Madame Blavatsky warned, was the evil influence she had sensed on entering the house. It should be sent away.

Now passing on Egyptian mummies is no routine thing, and disposing of it is no easy matter. But there is one name which stands high above all others in the affairs of Egyptian history: it is that of Wallis Budge, once curator of mummies at the British Museum, world-renowned authority on archaeology, translator of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead".

The people from Streatham offered him the mummy — and when he inspected it and read the inscriptions on it, he jumped at their offer. For the two unforlorn travellers had brought back

with them, unwittingly, a missing link in Egyptian history — the sarcophagus of Artemidorus, priestess of Hathor, serving the goddess Nehr-Hetepso, who died in the fifth year of King Psamtik.

Dr. Budge was delighted with so important a find, and made arrangements to transfer the mummy to the museum.

Two workmen left their homes at the early morning to engage in their legitimate business, which was carrying. Their job for the morning was very ordinary — to call at Streatham, collect a parcel, and deliver it to the British Museum.

The job was nearly done — they were actually carrying the mummy up the museum steps when one of the men tripped and broke his leg.

On the second day the second man, who had been in the boat of health, died.

Dr. Budge shrugged and laughed at the whispers of a haunted mummy — would have none of Madame Blavatsky's evil influence story. After all, carriers sometimes had accidents: apparently healthy men sometimes died.

The famous Egyptologist had to get on with the job, and there was no place for superstition in science. The first step was to have the mummy photographed. This was done. The photographer did not die, he did not burn himself with hot magnesium powder, he did not get run over on the way home.

But when he returned to Dr. Budge he was a badly frightened man. The photograph had developed all right — but did not show the face painted on the mummy

**SINCERITY**, is the way of heaven. The attainment of sincerity is the way of man. He who possesses sincerity is he who without an effort has what is right, and apprehends without the exercise of thought, he is the sage who naturally and easily embodies the right way. He who attains to sincerity is he who chooses what is good, and firmly holds it fast.

To this attainment there are requisite the extensive study of what is good, sincere inquiry about it, careful reflection on it, the deep discrimination of it, and the earnest practice of it.—Confucius.

case: in its stead there appeared in the photograph the image of a woman — a face that was very much alive! Dr. Budge told him the extraordinary story which already gave the mummy credit for three deaths and a broken leg. The next day the photographer shot himself.

Dr. Budge, his imagination well under control and his fears at rest, saw in the new development the work of overwrought nerves. He had no fears of his own safety — he set to work to study the case. He concentrated on the hieroglyphs on the mummy case.

Egypt was a land of superstition, of strange and odd beliefs, and heart-chilling ceremonies. Dr. Budge discovered that this mummy, buried thousands of years before, had undergone the rite of *Ur-Hekau* at the time of entombment. This ceremony bestowed, the Egyptians said, powers of wizardry that endowed the corpse with life-like capacities. The priest, at the death ceremony touched the mouth of the corpse with a sacred instrument which gave to the dead the

power of opening the mouth, breathing, thinking, and exerting his will-power beyond the immediate confines of the mummy case.

Thus, according to Egyptian lore, Artemidorus was able to accomplish evil on those who disturbed her from her eternal resting place.

The story sounded childish; but, after all, it was only the religious superstition of a primitive people. Perhaps the earlier tragedies were accidental, or the result of auto-suggestion on unbalanced or super-sensitive minds — or pure coincidence.

Nothing happened to Dr. Budge. The mummy was placed on view in the British Museum, and nothing happened to the museum, to the keepers, or to the curious crowds that came to gape. Perhaps Artemidorus was robbed of her mystic powers when they opened her mummy case and unwrapped her from the unbleached calico bandages in which she had been wrapped through the years.

For they did unwrap her. The

preservation methods of the old Egyptians invite most confidence; and after thousands of years, in death the body inside the mummy case was preserved as if in life.

She was a fascinating woman. From her dead features emanated the power of evil, haunting to the expression of her face, in her thick eyebrows, and heavy, drooping, sinuous lids which almost covered her eyes. Her nose was arched, beak like, above lips that were thick and fleshy, and animal in their passionate suggestiveness. The rouge and powder of Cleopatra's day hung about her face even yet, and her dark brown hair waved about that evil face like the serpents of Medusa's hair.

She was not beautiful, yet she seemed to exorcise, as these mummy-openers gazed down upon her, some rare hypnotic compulsion from the very evil vitality of her features — features that would not die.

\*\*\*

This footnote is a commentary on the extraordinary gullibility of the so-called civilized man of the twentieth century.

In the height of the blizzeking the British Museum was hit. The mummy of Artemidorus was damaged. The story of Artemidorus was dug up by some enterprising penny-a-liner, and retold. It was remarked that, from the night that the British Museum was hit, the power of the Luftwaffe gradually died. And the superstition has already been stated that the German air force, like the travellers, the revolutionists, and the photographers, suffered the vengeance of the long dormant priestess of evil.

And this civilization still wonders whether there is the power of living evil in the corpse of a dead prehistoric witch.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 16



## WHERE DID YOU GET THAT



Rabbit trapping is more than a pleasant pastime.

MERVYN ANDREWS

THE black of night enveloped me. The deep, heavy, regular breathing of a sleeping man seemed part of the stillness of the small mountain hut.

Outside, Spot, the nondescript dog, who may have been a direct descendant of the original four-toed settlers, but whose family tree must have been a veritable maze by reason of numerous "hairs interstices," stirred restlessly as winter-coated rabbits thumped heavily through his canine dreams.

It was night in the vacuum of its dying hour.

The sleeper's breathing staggered out of its monooony, his bunk creaked and I heard him fumbling for his boots with his bare feet. His heels grated across the hard clay floor.

When he scraped the thick coat of ash off the coals at the fireplace, and the dried leaves and candlebark which he dropped answered with a blaze to his hard blowing, I knew he was preparing for business.

"Time for lantern round, Bob?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't know you were awake, Boy." He invariably called me "Boy," though there were but two years between us. He looked the black idly over the flames as he continued, "No, you were sleeping like a log when I did that, so I didn't wake you. It's morning."

"Morning! Hell, it's pitch black!" I exclaimed.

"It'll be light enough when we reach the traps," he replied. "Coming round, or are you going to sleep it?"

"Not on your life! I'm coming with you." I swung myself out of the bunk as he lit the hurricane lamp. I could have kicked myself for missing the lantern round.

Always, when on holidays in the Upper Murray, I put in a few days with Bob, either at his home or out at the Mount where he usually trapped for the winter. When I had ridden over the day before, his mother asked me to take some tucker out to him if I decided to join him. I had reached the hut the night before just as he returned from the evening setting of his traps.

"Bring the rifle," Bob advised. "We might get a fox up at the head of Dick's gully, if we are early enough."

When we went outside after swallowing a paraffin of tea, Spot rose stiffly to his feet, stretched himself luxuriously, then frisked about our legs. The keen, frosty air of early August morning bit at our faces. The blue opaqueness of the sky was masked only at the eastern horizon where the vague outline of Kosciuszko was a sardine of Stygian blackness against the faintly lighter canopy.

"I'm trapping Bread and Sugar," Bob explained as we moved round the side of the hill to strike that gully half-way up its length. "We'll work up, then cut across the ridge to Duck's gully when we have finished the traps."

Twenty yards from the beginning of the line the rattling of a chain told of the first catch as the trapped rabbit plunged to escape at our approach. He quivered as we neared him and, as a nervous, I might have passed within a yard without seeing him, for he was hunched up with flattened ears, head retracted well between his shoulders, crouching under some broken beside the pad where the trap had been set.

The long ears twitched with sudden alarm, the brownish-grey fur came to sudden life with frantic plunges, terrified squalls. One big hand gripped the long hind legs, another the head over the ears, the hotheaded beet jabbed at the release spring; there was one stretching motion, then the broken-necked rabbit was tossed to a claspnet with one hand, while the

other seized the trap chain, dragging the pen from the ground.

The grey legs of the dead rabbit quivered to stiffness; Spot nosed it contemptuously; a trap rattled as the next victim plunged furiously a few yards further on. "Aren't you going to reset, Bob?" I asked, noticing that he was collecting the untrapped traps as well.

"No," he replied. "Only two skins out of twenty traps here. It's trapped out, I'll set this lot up at the end of the line."

"Will I bring the rabbits?" I called to him, as he moved off.

"No, leave them. I'll skin them there as we come back."

The catch improved as we worked our way upwards, until at the finish he was getting a fifty per cent take. Bob reset as we progressed. There was no fumbling, mental or physical, about this most on this work. His sharp eye picked instantly the best spot, generally in the open run-in to a burrow, but sometimes on a well used pad or a scratch mound.

A few scrapes with his setter, the pressure of his heel on the anchor spike or pin, or a blow or two if the ground was hard, then with his foot taking the tension of the spring bar, his fingers manipulating the plate and tongue to hair-trigger fitness, and with his thick forefinger under the free jaw holding it up so that the trap could not snap on his hand, he camouflaged the set with leaves and soil. Then even Spot had to rely solely on that instinct developed by long, and, on occasions, painful experience, to avoid an accidental bite from these hidden, but relentless,

steel jaws. The location of even one of the one hundred and fifty traps he was then working was known to him. He went without hesitation to each in turn, whether it was sprung or unsprung.

"Fox, Boy," I should have known that it was not in sight, for Bob's voice was normal, but having scanned the gully and hill side without result, I turned to him for advice.

"Where?" I whispered.

"Wish to hell I knew," he replied. "The sweet's got one of my traps on his leg."

Tracking was easy, for the marks left by the dragging trap and chain were as plain to him as signposts along a popular motor highway would have been to me.

"We'll finish off the traps," Bob said after following the spur for one hundred yards or so. "He's headed over to Dick's gully. We'll pick him up there all right."

The sun was clear of Kascavoko as we topped the ridge and walked along to Dick's gully. It was blue among the tree tops on the high western spur of that gully as we settled down under cover of some rocks and scrub a little later, with Bob's keen, hunter's eyes peering down through a screen of leaves, while I gave a final look over the ridge before bringing my lass wasc sight to the look out.

With scarcely a movement we waited for a quarter of an hour or so. The birds were chirping naturally and without nervousness once more before Bob's warning lure brought me most to the alert than ever.

"Watch that black stump near the dead tree," he whispered; but

for the hole of me, I could see nothing.

"Hurry up, or he'll be under cover again," he cautioned.

Only for the sudden turning of its head, I doubt if I would have seen the fox even then. That stance of alarm and its twisted head as it looked backwards, must have brought its lighter colored, under-neck far into contrast with the background of stone and stumps.

After careful aim and the pressure of the trigger, the sharp blast of the rifle seemed to synchronize with the twisting leap of the fox into the air, his head flashing round with a vicious snap at his hind-quarters, but he had bounded away out of sight, with a free, loping stride before I was ready to aim again.

"Bad luck," said Bob. "You barely grazed his rump. We might get him another day." He stopped suddenly, listening intently. "Let's go get my trap," he added, after the pause, then seeing the rifle, he rushed off down the gully with bounding leaps and at a pace which I had no hope of matching.

The bark of the rifle gave me my next sight of him. He was standing against a tree seventy feet up the side of the gully. From a similar height on the other side, a big fox, with the missing trip clattering on its rear front leg, was sliding down the steep slope.

We climbed back over the spur to Broad and Sugar Gully. When we reached the bottom end of the trap line, Bob was carrying the fox and twenty-four rabbits, while I staggered along behind him burdened down with eighteen pairs of fall winter-furred busties.

His skinning knife simply flew up the inner side of those rabbits' hind legs, a twist to each leg, a nip with his knife at the tail, his boot on the hind legs, an upward pull, then he tossed the skin to the heap at his feet and the carcass fell down a burrow.

As the burrows filled, I dug them in until all the carcasses, including that of the fox, were buried. Then we headed back to the hut for breakfast, after which the skins were stretched on bent framing wire frames and hung up to dry. That, on the normal day, brings us to lunch which, disposed of, the bunk claimed us for some sleep so as to be ready for the evening and night rounds.

I never see a lapin coat or, most particularly, an Aussie's far-famed slouch hat, without thinking of Bob, for his heart was in furs, traps and first grade winter pelts taken in the mountains close up to the snow line.

They were the love of his life, though he was a small shopman

by occupation, not a professional trapper. That is one reason why he always buried carcasses. If you have ever walked past a trapper's skinning dump and seen the flies and smelt the stench of a week-old pile of decomposed carcasses, you would realize that here was one of the most fertile breeding grounds for flies, one of the major enemies of the sheep man.

He operated during the 1914-18 War, but his prototype must have had a busy time over those last few years trying to keep up the supply of Aussie's keds, if nothing else.

And not only for our boys. The export trade to America amounts to hundreds of tons a year, a very valuable contribution maintaining a balance on dollar exchange. There as here, apart from him, the skins are clipped and trimmed to reappraise as milady's new fur coat. The current hat shortage has a chance of being overtaken while men like Bob do the round of their traps.





## MURRAY RIVER

# SMUGGLERS

### PROCLAMATION

"THE Government of Victoria will protect from seizure, search or illegal interference of other kind by New South Wales authorities all vessels and boats belonging to Victoria which shall be placed under the protection of the police officer at Echuan."

Superintendent Hare stepped back from the notice he had posted up on the wharf building. The motley collection of rivermen, rowers, drovers and townsmen crowded round to read. Voices boomed with suppressed excitement. Anything might come out of this. The Government meant business at last and was prepared to back its case with force of arms.

"Look at all those troopers who came into town with the Super to-day," muttered one serious-faced teamster. "They're armed to the teeth. If Gordon tackles Hopwood, there'll be bloodshed."

That was what it looked like at the 1864 stage of the Border Duties fight which raged, with intermittent truces, from 1852 to 1900. New South Wales and Victoria were the main enemies, but

In Australia's early days, initiative was used to avoid violence.

MICHAEL O'SHANE

there was occasional activity on one side or other, or independently, by South Australia, Tasmania, and Queensland.

Gordon was the N.S.W. Sub-Collector of Customs at Moama; Hopwood, the owner of a port-cock bridge and punt plying across the Murray. Hare was Superintendent of Police sent up from Melbourne to protect the interests of Victorian citizens, actually at Hopwood's request.

This was Victoria's answer to a N.S.W. regulation directing the owners of all boats, punts and bridges to license same and to give bond to twice their value that no dutiable goods would be permitted to cross the river.

Hopwood disregarded Gordon's written demand and tied his craft up on the Victorian side. Each side played a waiting game until one, Neilson, shipped some duty-paid goods on the "Echuan," which was also tied up opposite Moama.

Gordon crossed the river and climbed aboard for search and seizure, but Hare stepped forward blocking his passage.

"I warn you that you are resist-

ing an officer of the New South Wales Government in the execution of his duty," stormed Gordon.

"This boat is under the protection of the Victorian Government," countered Hare. "Get off!"

Gordon looked at the police guns, then across to the safety of the N.S.W. bank of the river. He got off and sent a report to Sydney for instructions. They were long in coming. Meantime all traffic across the river at this point, other than the Devilgins Mail, was stopped.

The incident faded soon when Sydney directed no interference with boats trafficking along the Victorian shore of the river, and held Hopwood's bond question at abeyance.

When Mr. J. Mungrave retired as Collector of Customs in 1931, he is reported to have said: "As long as you have duties you will have smugglers."

If ordinary customs' duties were just natural breeders of smugglers, these border duties were highly efficient incubators.

Each State had both export and import duties at differing rates. Take, for instance, the first Victorian tariff in 1852: coffee, 10/- per cwt.; spirits 1/- a gallon; tea, 3d per lb.; tobacco, cigars, snuff, 2/- per lb.; wine, 1/- a gallon; all other articles duty free.

At the same time, N.S.W. had beer, in wood, 1d.; in bottles, 2d per gallon; coffee, chocolate, cocoa, 3d per lb.; brandy and gin, 6/- a gallon; rum, 4/- a gallon; tea, 1½d. per lb.; tobacco 1/- per lb.; cigars, 2/- per lb.

In 1866, Victorian duties were generally higher, beer there being 6d. against 2d. in South Australia,

and 1d. in N.S.W. One driver who, unknown to his employers, bought a gallon of beer in Albury, was searched at Wodonga, three miles across the river. He was charged with smuggling (violation of duty, 5d.) and the team, wagon and load confiscated. It cost him less £33 to redeem them.

For 1863, N.S.W. estimated a loss of revenue on goods imported from Victoria as £30,000. Victoria must have been a heavy loser prior to 1859, when extensive smuggling of human cargo, in the shape of Chinese, was prohibited to evade the Victorian Poll Tax of £10 per head. N.S.W. and South Australia had no such tax until uniformity was achieved in that year.

Differential tariff rates were mainly responsible for the smuggling to and from overseas on Murray River steamers at the South Australian border, but border residents were hit hardest by the double duties. They had to pay export duty in one State and import duty in the other. It was with interstate goods that the smugglers were mainly concerned.

The border customs' houses, most of them established in 1853-54 at such places as Albury, Moama, Bourke and Wilcannia in N.S.W., and at Echuan and Wodonga (Belah, officially), in Victoria, operated throughout the trouble, some even continuing for seasonal and stock inspection purposes after Federation and up to 1910.

Friction between the officials and the public was constant, any success in circumventing the duty being enthusiastically applauded.

# GO TO THE PEOPLE, THOU DULLARD

O art, beloved by true logicians,  
Subject of their adoration,  
Why should I, though personally tired  
By your behavior be inspired?  
For frankly, I find you merely comical—  
Especially in things gastronomical.  
What, for instance, is that oddity  
You obviously view as a sound comendity?  
Before it's borne to your retreat  
Are you sure it's good to eat?  
Are you rejoice about your gain?  
It may build your body—but what of the brain?  
And even if these points I grant let's  
Consider if it's good for artists!  
Ah, no, my friend, far from enthusing,  
I find your antics just amusing.  
For though in omnibus I may be poor,  
I have my wits brought right to my door.

W G D

A Wodonga baker earned public adulation by literally driving a horse and cart through the letter of the law. He took advantage of the omission of dough from the Victorian schedule to buy the cheapest N.S.W. flour in Albury, mix it there, then bring it back to Wodonga for baking.

Figures for 1889 for Albury alone give a clue to a lucrative line for smugglers. Goods imported were valued at £569,579, while exports were £1,543,560. Of this latter figure, 94,000 cattle were responsible for £535,000 and 465,000 sheep for £199,000.

In 1891, the Wodonga sale yards were at their pre-federation zenith, yarding an average of 7,000 each fortnightly sale day and reaching as high as 15,000 (much of it from Queensland). The Vic-

torian Stock Tax was increased to £2/10/- a head for horses, £1/10/- for cattle and 5/- for sheep.

The long stretches of the river, the mountains and the bush were ideal for the stock smuggler's activities. Fencing yards were used mainly for horses along the flatter country. These were about thirty feet square with six or eight feet high fences on three sides, the fourth being open to the river with a drop into water of swimming depth. The sites were chosen with an eye to bush cover on the land side, and a sandbank down stream across the river where current and instinct would lead the stock to a safe landing.

Apart from evasion of duty, some professional smugglers were strongly suspected of being acci-

dent, if not actual members, of cartdodging gangs. But in the main they were merely specialists in moving stock across the border undetected. Their job was to get the stock over the police border duty free at so much a head. They were not concerned where the stock had come from, nor where they were going to. Most of them, too, being otherwise respectable and responsible local citizens of long standing, would be more a danger to any thieves of local stock than otherwise.

Any trace in the border duties feud resulting in the lifting of the double impost was made the occasion for public celebration by border residents.

On the first suspension in 1855, Albury had a population of four hundred, two hundred attended a banquet which cost £5 a head. The catering required a bullock roasted whole, 10 each of sheep, turkeys, geese, pairs of fowls and ducks, 6 sucking pigs, 6 hams, besides sweets, including a plum pudding weighing two hundredweight.

Wine cost £58, ale and porter £38, fruit £20, and cheese £5. A two-day bazaar was a feature of the 1867 celebrations which, besides a ball, four hundred children were given a picnic.

On the other hand, in 1872, when double duties were re-imposed, an effigy of the then Premier of New South Wales, Sir James Martin, was hanged on Albury bridge. Later it was set alight and the blazing remnants dropped into the river.

In 1872, also, a charge of 9d. per head was levied on ninety horses which had crossed at the ford at Albury. To legalize this the bridge was gazetted as a wharf, thereby changing the duty to a wharfrage charge. This led to the defeat of the Martin Ministry in the House.

There was, therefore, little cause for wonder that the border residents, with the exception, perhaps of the professional smugglers, were very strong for federation, with its promise of free interstate trade.





The sun is the finest — and least appreciated medicine in the world.

JEFF MITCHELL

## YOURS FOR THE TAKING

A YEAR ago the health club of George Hippelwell read like that of a man as an advertisement. He was vital and pale as a washroom. He had no appetite. His sleep was restless. He was debilitated and depressed.

He was cracking up and he couldn't understand why. Was it a sign of age? He was only forty and there were strong, healthy men at forty.

Whatever was responsible for his condition had started a year before—at least that was when he first noticed it; and the progressive deterioration worried him. He refused to go to a doctor, not because he was altogether scared of learning what his complaint might be, but because attention meant doctor's bills, change of diet, a suggested holiday, perhaps advice to go into a hospital; in short, everything that would disorganize his

way of life and was therefore impossible to him.

For another three months he labored, thinking to a scarecrow, the butt of puzzled interest and sympathetic remarks by his men, so that his desperation and the persuasion of his wife forced him to see a physician.

Dr. Adams looked up after a thorough examination: "You lead an indoor life," he said, "but worse than that, an unstimulated one." "What do you mean?"

"You're a night worker, aren't you? When it's dark and quiet you work. Man, that's when you should be sleeping. Man was never meant to sleep in the day time, when there is noise and strong light. I suppose you hardly ever see the sun, or rather get the sun. That's what's wrong with you—"

"You — you mean there's nothing else the matter?"

"Basically, that's all. You've aggravated your nervous condition with needless, but understandable, worry. But, organically, you're sound as a bell."

"But I can't understand that, doctor. Other men work it night, it doesn't affect them."

"Doesn't it?" said Adams.

"That's what you think. Bring me any night-worker, and I will find him below par as the result of his work. The nerves, the brain, the eyes, the stomach, no matter how familiar they have become to the conditions, have yet lost something in the process of adaptation. Of course, it might take longer for the effects to develop in other men. There are men who thought they'd got conditioned to the work and the time, but it has told on them, and will probably tell further later on."

Hippelwell, feeling that he was being taken for an ignoramus, who could be fooled off with such claptrap, became incensed and blurted out in defence of his mentality: "Ah, what quackery! You can't tell me it's as easy as all that!"

Dr. Adams looked keenly at him; then at his watch.

"Look, Mr. Hippelwell," he said, "You're my last patient here this morning, and I have completed my diagnosis of you. I have some time to spare, and if you'd care to listen I'd like to tell you something that might convince you of what I have said."

George Hippelwell sat down, and nodded his head: "I'd like to hear you," he said.

Dr. Adams looked at his patient, and began his story: "The sun is the finest medicine in the world," he said, "but most men,

like you, live in abysmal ignorance of that fact. Its value is unknown to them; they are oblivious of its real benefits. Yet there is not a man in the world, not a beast, not a tree, not any living thing that would not wither and shrivel up and die, if the sun were suddenly to go out like a lamp.

"The earth would freeze and split in contraction, the rivers and the seas change to ice; your body would turn blue and your world gather in the shape of a man about you. That is because the furnaces of the sun have died; but suppose that you did combat the terrible cold, how would you live?

"Your body could fall into rickety; your lungs could turn to fan-gas; bone, nerve and organic processes would attack you — all because the ultra-violet rays — the remedial agent of the sun — no longer existed. There would be no vitamins for nature to absorb or produce, and none, consequently, in the food you ate. You would ultimately die, a grotesque thing, a misshapen, disease-ridden monstrosity."

"You are," said Dr. Adams, "only one example of a man who doesn't know that one of the best things in life is free. There have been countless millions like you throughout history: men indifferent, apathetic, ignorant; and amid their darkness the men who advocated the good of the sun shone like stars themselves."

The great star, perhaps, was Akhnaton, a pharaoh of ancient Egypt, an iconoclast and a revolutionary. You might have seen pictures of Akhnaton and his decayed wife, Nefertiti holding up the

ROBERT SCHUMANN, the famous composer, was never a very outstanding pianist — for he had only nine good fingers. It was because of his disability that he turned to composing for a living. In effect upon his compositions is indicated by the fact that a well-known musician of a later period, who looked the same slight dwarfed that while some works bothered him, those by Schumann were easily played.

nude bodies of their baby daughters to be blessed by the sun.

Akhnaton abolished the traditions of Egypt, ousted the temples of Isis and Osiris, and shocked the priests and the people by his sacrilegious admission that they should pay homage to the Sun prime power — Aton, the sun. He built temples to the sun and the sun fell on them and penetrated them; so that they were not as the temples of the old gods, full of darkness and the secrets of priestcraft.

Akhnaton made his orisons to the sun, naming it the creator of the earth, and his poems were such as these: All mankind lives at sight of thee, O Sun. All mankind, cattle, flying and fluttering things, with all kinds of reptiles which are on the earth, they live when they see thee.

But the outraged plotters rose against him and killed him. His empire passed, his temples were destroyed; all the pagan and sup-

erstitious mythology returned, and in the old scripts of Egyptian history he is blackened as that criminal of El-Amarna, the great capital he had built to the sun.

But Akhnaton is not dead in the mind of science. He is held to be the founder of heliotherapy, which is the treatment of diseases by exposure to sunlight, another name for ultra-violet radiation.

And from that time the flood of oppression, persecution, and obscurantism went on, with men jibing at and cranking the views of the sun addicts, numbering philosophers, surgeons and naturalists; went on until, in the fifteenth century, there appeared to champion the cause the English clinician and anatomist Francis Glisson. Professor Glisson, in 1650, described vitamin D, and left an invaluable work on rickets.

He was laughed at all over Europe, branded as a pagan and a pantheist, and even accused of witchcraft; but he strongly upheld his principles, and when he died the science of sun healing had a firmer grip on the minds of men.

Observant investigators in the after years began to see that rickets was scarcely known in the tropics, whereas in the north-temperate zone it was common. And they concluded that the sun had much to do with it.

The German pediatrician, Dr. Kurt Hulschinsky, working in a hospital outside Berlin in 1919 cured children of rickets by exposing them to ultra-violet light, not from the sun, but from a quartz lamp. Through a clear fused quartz this artificial sunlight had a hundred percent value; through

other glass, chemically treated, that value was lowered to sixty percent. Ultra-violet light will not penetrate any other glass, not even the thin paned windows of your room.

The question was asked: How did sunlight affect the body? How was the ultra-violet component of the sun transmitted in the body into Vitamin D?

After much experimentation, it was shown that the skin of every person contains a chemical called ergosterol, and it was this substance, acted upon by ultra-violet radiation from the sun or a quartz lamp, which was converted into Vitamin D. In other words, the human skin contains Vitamin D in an inactive or provitamin form; and when ultra-violet rays of sunlight strike the skin, they activate this provitamin, which is then absorbed and utilized by the body. Though other rays have been used, ultra-violet is the most efficient.

As with any other medicine, said

Dr. Adams, sunlight must be used properly. You can get an overdose of it and, like the salt and ferns, contract skin diseases, even skin cancer, or a predisposition to it. It can be definitely harmful also, to take an overdose of Vitamin D in tablet form.

When you get sunburned, it is not the heat of the sun that does it, but the ultra-violet rays which, however, do not penetrate far under the skin. You can be burned while you sit in heavy shade on a blistering day; and on heavily-overcast days, too, for while the sun is there above the clouds, the ultra-violet rays are all about you.

"You get into the sunlight," said Adams, "it's medicine that won't cost you a cent — and you'll find you're on the greatest tonic in nature."

And he was right. George Hipplewell went on to day work, and in a few months he was engaged in writing testimonials to Physician Apollo.



## ADVENTURES IN ENTERTAINMENT



Wealthy restaurateur and racehorse owner, he came to Australia broke.

W. G. DELAHY

[I]t sounds contradictory to say of a man who has given Australia its most spectacular dine-and-dance projects, that he hates making plans. For any restaurateur will tell you that the establishing of a high-class restaurant has more angles to it than a geometrical problem.

But it is nonetheless true that Jim Bendrodt's greatest successes — with one notable exception — have been the result of quick decisions.

It was spontaneity of thought and action which brought Bendrodt to Australia. He was sitting in a airport in his native Canada when the buzz sound of a boat siren drifted to his ears. Of a friend he asked: "What ship is that?"

The friend replied that it was an Australian ship homeward-bound; and because the name

"Australia" had an intriguing quality to it, the next ship bound for Sydney had the name *J. G. Bendrodt* in its passenger list. Accompanying him was his friend, and between them they possessed one asset — the ability to perform better than most people on roller skates.

The memory of his early days in this country is highlighted by two incidents: first, a roller-skating match against South African Eckhardt for what was perhaps optimistically billed as the world's championship; the race was of 24 hours' duration, and Bendrodt lost by 20 yards — a defeat which he felt all the more keenly because of the small difference between him and Eckhardt at the finish.

The second incident was even more memorable, for during his initial appearance on rollers at Sydney's Exhibition Building, his

tights ripped from stern to stern, and he was blushing conveyed across the arena wrapped in a blanket.

Bendrodt says that the incident had at least good publicity value.

It was around this stage of his career that Jim became aware that although the performer got the headlines, it was the promoter who received the more practical encouragement of building a bank account; the answer to that, of course, was to become a promoter himself.

But to attempt one project except in a spectacular manner was un-Bendrodt-like. Consequently, he spent the next year looking over the world's roller-skating rinks, and returned to Australia determined to place rollers on a social footing.

The results of his travels was manifested in a huge skating rink at the foot of William Street, Sydney.

"It was an immediate success," says Bendrodt, "I put skates on some of the most aristocratic social extremists in Sydney. There, you could call a page-boy, request writing materials, write your letter, dispatch the page-boy to post it."

Within 14 days of the outbreak of World War I, Bendrodt was in uniform, and by the end of August was on the way to New Guinea. The end of that campaign found his sense of adventure unscathed, and he went to Canada to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps.

When he came back to Australia in 1919 he was, in his own words, the best dressed dandy in Australia.

"The uniform I wore was the last word in tailoring. And so it should have been, for it had cost me 60 guineas in Bond Street. I don't think I'll ever again attain that sartorial standard. If the circumstances are similar, I hope I don't. You see, in the pockets of that lavish uniform was exactly 27/-."

Four weeks later he had established a potpourri dance studio, and was teaching the masses how to perform intricate dance steps.

However, this occupation lacked the adventure which was so essential to Bendrodt's design for living, and he sought a new channel in which to display his executive ability. He found it in the promotion of large-scale supper dances in a Market Street restaurant.

This was his first real start in the dance-and-dine field, and he liked the business — so well that in spite of the gloomy predictions of his friends, he took over a barn of a building in the Royal Agricultural Showground and inaugurated what was perhaps Sydney's all-time popular dance place.

"The ball was so big that if you yelled — a practice, however, which was not encouraged — ten minutes elapsed before your echo came back. It was generally considered that Bendrodt was in the way of losing another fortune, and on that point, I wasn't too sure myself," he recalls.

"But almost from the start, the Palais Royal hit the jackpot. 'What! I was there, practically every overseas visitor who liked to dance came to our formal nights, and our popular nights were sell-outs.'"

# TO HELL WITH NOBLESS OBLIGE

A humble mind is a great attribute,  
Provided the owner its shortcomings admits.  
And noble thoughts are a great inheritance,  
If carefully divorced from noble action.

For what's the use of knowing that you're as good as the  
rest or even better.

If your humility is so great you only get to be a wage  
-slav, or even a debtor?

So if nobility is yours, don't boast about it.  
For really you're better off without it.

Which, added up, means while it's a great acquisition,  
It gets in the way of achieving nobility.

W.G.O.

For 20 years, Jim Bendrodt had cherished an ideal. His next venture took him a step closer to noble ambition — but it still wasn't it.

In this project, he was backed by newspaper magnate Ezra Norton, and in the establishment of Sydney's "Troader," Bendrodt was able to put into practice some of the ideas and ideals he had gathered over his years of mass-entertainment.

The "Tro" was built and maintained with typical Bendrodt largesse, and gave Australia something entirely new in dance halls. But still hampering at his sense of ambition was his ideal: the establishment of a restaurant which would rank with the "Ritz" in London, and the "Brown Derby" in Hollywood. The venture was to be Bendrodt's alpha drive, and as such, he felt impelled to depart from his customary credo that to think of something was to put the thought into effect.

For 20 years he planned this restaurant — planned it in detail,

its location, interiors, cuisine, even its policy. In this, Jim Bendrodt's greatest venture, everything had to be just right.

"Prince's" was born 10 years ago. From the start, it was an outstanding success from every angle but one: it brought practically no money to the Bendrodt coffers. But —

"I'd even allowed for that. Any project planned along such ambitious lines must lose money for 12 months or even two years. There are so many things which can be arrived at only by trial and error. We had lots of trials, and strive to keep our errors at a minimum."

These days, "Prince's" is booming. Its success has in some measure been due to the war, but on the other hand, the introduction of scarcity meals limited profits, for Bendrodt, with a thought for the years to come, insists that the standard of cuisine be maintained above all other considerations.

Maintenance costs are in keeping with the prodigal atmosphere: flowers alone cost Bendrodt \$1,200

a year, and the Irish linen table napery is worth \$6,000. Carpets are renewed every 18 months at a cost of \$1,000 and the restaurant is remodelled throughout every six months.

"Prince's" staff totals 140. At its head is Pierre Henry, a short, dapper, smiling man whom Bendrodt rates the best restaurateur in the country. Pierre is friends with everyone, and is greeted with a handshake by notable. Bendrodt says that Pierre is a walking "Who's Who," and takes a personal interest in every regular patron of the restaurant, inquiring with polite sincerity about the well-being of the patron's family. He not only knows the names of their offspring, but remembers also their birth date.

Pierre is assisted by six under-managers and a host of suave waiters, mostly Swiss and Austrian. Each of the waiters, claims their employer, is capable of under-taking the duties of a head waiter at the drop of a soup tureen.

"None of my waiters is reliant on tips for a living, for I believe that the economic security of any waiter is the responsibility of the restaurant-owner. And I insist that they pay equal attention to non-tippers as the others. That is, I would insist if there was any occasion for it.

"Throughout the war years, when patrons have, frankly, been easy to secure, my men have maintained the same 'correct' attitude at all times. That's good training — and, incidentally, good business, because we think that people remember unchanging courtesy.

Although Bendrodt's decisions

and actions are mostly based on spontaneity, he admits that he has studied one subject with the aid of a University student studying law. It is — horses.

Horses occupy perhaps an unpropitious part of Bendrodt's time. It is the one subject of which he never tires of talking. He has read numberless books on the breeding and training of thorough-breds, and carries on extensive correspondence with experts throughout the world.

"Horses are people," he says. "It's not enough to recognize their physical virtues and faults; you must study, also, their mental characteristics — and believe me, horses have a fine mentality.

"War Eagle is the pet of my stable, mainly because I think that if he were human, he'd be a gentleman in every sense. He is amazingly intelligent and has the courage of a lion."

Bendrodt owns 11 thorough-breds, and their well-being is ensured by a staff of nine — which, he claims, is the highest paid stable staff in Australia.

"I believe that the status of the man tending horses is equal to that of man in other professions; I believe in paying them good salaries, and I believe in allowing them set percentages from winnings. As a consequence of the application of these beliefs, I feel that a better class of men will be attracted to the sport."

Bendrodt's stable staff averages a weekly wage of \$9 a man.

Nothing is too good for the horses which he owns and trains. When he took War Eagle to Melbourne as cannon the Cup, he ac-



THE late Will Rogers gave the world many lines, if rarely delivered, outrageous, and amongst the best is this description of the American Congress: "They're a strange bunch of critters. A man gets up and says nothing. Nobody listens — and then everybody disagrees." Which, all things considered, is an apt description of parliamentary procedure the world over.

composed the fleet by car. On the trip he ensured War Eagle's bodily comfort by eating lucre in any roadside paddocks. It was not always possible to do this with permission from the owners. So he left 4/- — "1/- for the lucre and 3/- for my impertinence."

On one occasion he cleared a four-foot fence six inches in advance of a postlock thrown by an irate farmer.

He had only a vague idea of how much his horses return him in prize money; but when a friend, jokingly insinuated that War Eagle hadn't won £500, he looked himself in his office with his accounts and emerged to admit that the horse had won £5,000.

Bendrodt has two racing ambitions. The first is that of every owner — to win a Melbourne Cup. The second is to take two or three really good horses to America.

"I want to prove that Australian blood stock is amongst the best in the world. Furthermore, I think

that the presence of some outstanding Australian horses in America would give this country an immense boost. Americans who still think that Australia is peopled by blacks, readily recall the name of Phor Lap — which gives that great horse an advantage over some of our publicity experts abroad.

"In fact, my impression is that Phor Lap did more to publicise Australia than any actor, apart from the A.L.F. That's why I'd like to take a couple of really good horses there."

Bendrodt's love of animals is perhaps the most outstanding feature of his mercurial character. Professional horse-trainers, for instance, have implied that his horses are barrels with four feet, and it is true that the equines under his control almost invariably carry greater natural swiftdrops than their opponents.

But Jim Bendrodt does not see horses as mere automatons whose destiny is to fill the pockets of their owners. He affirms that his training methods are not only scientific, but take into account the fact that even horses have a right to car well.

Indicative of his love of animals was his action early in the Pacific War of buying large scale newspaper advertisements in order to appeal to animal owners not to destroy their pets.

With meat rationing came a fear that the feeding of dogs would be beyond the ability of their owners. As a result, the R.S.P.C.A. was called upon to destroy thousands of dogs weekly.

Bendrodt sprang to the defence of the animal world, and his ap-

peal brought about a rapid decrease in the canine death rate. The action gained world-wide notice, and he received hundreds of letters from animal-lovers abroad commending his initiative.

No one who knows Bendrodt's love of animals could accuse him of satiating the campaign for publicity. Although he is no altruist, the idea was born spontaneously from his appreciation of dogs.

More than 30 years have passed since the eighteen-year-old Jim

Bendrodt arrived in Australia. Since that day, he has almost cut through the gamut of trades by which men may earn a living. Labourer, actor, roller-skater, dancer, dance instructor, and whatever-else — he has made and lost three fortunes, and is now enthusiastically engaged in making his fourth.

He hopes that Fate will cooperate in permitting him to return it. If not, Jim Bendrodt is young enough at "about 50" to set about building a fifth fortune.

#### THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



AFTER TALKING PRIESTS  
SAS TO A TRUCK DRIVER,  
COUNTING ON PUTTING MANY  
MILES OF OPEN COUNTRY BETWEEN  
YOU BEFORE HE COULD DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT YOUR OFFER TO TAKE A POKE AT  
HIM, YOU ARE HELD UP BY ROAD  
CONSTRUCTION AROUND THE NEXT BEND

# Personally Speaking

HENRY AMBROSE HUNT, Commonwealth Meteorologist from 1927 to 1931, died in Melbourne at the age of 80. Statistics show that the "weather man" had, despite fickle elements, forecast accurately in 85% of his predictions.

SERGE PROKOFIEFF, famous Russian composer, slipped in the street and suffered concussion. Doctors ordered him to bed and limited his work to one hour a day.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, former British Fascist leader, faced the courts for replacing his pigs. The judge found him not guilty, but expressed the view that the pigs should have been better fed and housed.

BILL MAUDLIN, the American soldier who treated a best seller with his cartoons of front-line soldiers, came home and sued for divorce. His soldiers were dirty, unshaven men of typical veteran appearance, and brought forth a protest from American mothers.

JACOB EPSTEIN, 65-year-old stony petrel of sculpture, exhibited his latest work at London's Leicester Galleries. "Lucifer," a broad-winged bronze, was acclaimed by the press and did not draw the torrent of criticism which usually accompanies an Ephraim work.

EDGAR BERGEN, semi-legist, and Frances Wiltman, a model, achieved two Hollywood records. One: they kept their marriage secret for six months. Two: it was the first time either had been married.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, newspaper magnate, gave £25,000 towards rebuilding London's St. Columba Church, destroyed in the blitz.

BERT HOPPING, one-time cartoonist-speaker at Melbourne Trials, then topology in vogue, is returning to Australia after nine years in England on a standard act on the British halls.

GUS EDWARDS, song writer, actor, producer and star maker, died in Los Angeles. Vaudeville comedian at 15, Edwards became a talent agent specializing in child acts.

★ Right: Two kids, a peep—and peace!—@rey J.

# Passing Sentences

Baby care is usually learned from the bottom up.

Many a man today is living by the sweat of his frau.

After 35 a man begins to have thoughts about women; before that age he has feelings.

Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.

To chase a girl is low of ten—if you can find one who will run.

A man's eyes are like a bird—they flit from limb to limb.

On one issue at least, men and women agree: they both distrust women.

Money doesn't always bring happiness—a man with ten million pounds is no happier than a man with nine million pounds.

A girl wears a bathing suit when she can't swim, shorts when she doesn't play tennis—but when she wears a wedding dress, she means business.

Smoking while the iron is hot is all right, but too many men strike while the head is hot.

Some people's voices are hard to extinguish over the telephone.

The only time you realize you have a reputation is when you're not living up to it.

Reporter is an insult with a dress suit on.

A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of weight.

She was wearing one of those gowns that refused to say: "Standing room only."

A bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another.

She wasn't fat—she just once in the large economy size.

Genius is initiative set on fire.

A wolf is a man who whistles at his work.

The only known thing to stop falling hair is the floor.

Just pretending to be rich keeps some people poor.

## I LIKE TO RECOGNISE THE



Today's music demands showmanship, not musicianship, says this writer.

D. K. LANE

THERE is, I'm prepared to admit, a certain quirkiness about some song titles which have made me eager to hear the words and music. Few phrases, for instance, have ever intrigued me more than *Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar*, and I make no apology for the fact that on hearing it, I felt an overwhelming desire to discover the poignant circumstances which could prompt a fellow being to make such a request.

This sensation has been inspired by but one other song title: *Get Off My Legs and Call Me Sherry*—a request which, I feel, could only have been inspired by a person suffering a good deal of mental stress.

But having heard both these songs, plus others whose titles were only slightly less quaint, I do not feel that my life will be emptier for not hearing them again.

In fact, with the exception of the mid-thirties, I sometimes find myself longing for the days when the title of a number held nothing of

mystery; when an appreciation of an opus did not call for the exercising of that rather intangible faculty, the Ability to Appreciate Songs; when, if you heard a melody, you hummed it with no more than a slight and very self-conscious trill in a few apt places.

To retain in my mind the melody of a currently popular song, I find, is impossible. This has worried me, for I felt like a lost soul floating in the Sargasso Sea of music. It wasn't until maybe a week ago that I realised why I could no longer remember a melody.

The explanation is ridiculously simple: today's music has no melody.

I don't mean that the composer didn't strive to write melody into his music, because, after all, the rulers of Tin Pan Alley demand at least some measure of rhythm before they are willing to pay out good money to publish a number.

But where does that melody go between the moment the composer

pockets his cheque and the time my radio gives the number to me?

On occasion, a tune which pleases me when played by one band sounds terrible when performed by another. And that indicates that the villain of the piece who has stolen away the number's virtue is the band leader. I would not know, but it seems to me that when the average arranger gets a new number, he pulls it to bits and reassembles it with the omission of the component which has cost the song-writer many nights of sleep: its melody.

One American dance band leader was recently asked which was more important to the success of the band—musicianship or showmanship. He replied: "Unfortunately, showmanship is the thing. Musicianship is important—but only to the musician."

Even more intuitive was the comment of the drummer in Woody Herman's band: "I believe that a musician should never play anything from the point of pleasing the public, since the public is invariably wrong about music."

Think back to the days when Paul Whiteman was, in his own words, "trying to make an honest woman out of jazz." With a little concentration, you'll probably remember half a dozen popular songs of the day; and, what's more, you'll most likely find that, despite all the years, the melody comes easily to the mind and disengages.

That's because in Whiteman's heyday, bands were still sticking to melody.

It is not hard to imagine the face of the trumpeter in White-

man's band who, without ado rose from his seat to produce a conglomerate of sound as far removed from the original melody as the pea-shooter is from the atomic bomb. Mr. Whiteman's pain would doubtless have been acute—and with even less doubt, the next day would have found another trumpeter making the rounds of the booking agencies.

Of such playing, an eminent American critic said: "As a musical language, jazz is graphic and colorful, but its poetic resources it is about as rich as pidgin English;" while Gilbert Seldes, another noted critic, wrote, "Jazz is so busy smiling that it doesn't get anywhere itself."

What do I ask from music? Simply, melody.

Frankly, I am something of a peasant on musical tastes. I heard *Concerto for Two and Two in the Style of a Sherry Night*, and I liked them. They had melody. It wasn't until a friend with cultural bearings disillusioned me, that I learned that they were modern interpretations of melodies which long-haired had been applauding long before Mrs. Stokes' boy became Leopold Stokowski.

And I still like them I even like their classical versions, now.

Recently, *Mickey* returned to me. I knew *Mickey* when, and when I was myself in short pants. It was a humble little melody, no better—and perhaps a bit worse—than most ditties of the day. It came and because it had no apparent claim to immortality, it went. But now *Mickey* is back—more sophisticated maybe, but proving that melody—any melody—can-

ACCORDING to literary theorists, many of the most stirring contributions to art have been achieved while their creators have been undergoing emotional stress — which accounts for this story.

Following a memorable event in his life, Gilbert Keith Chesterton wrote in a friend in this manner:

"On this morning, I carefully washed my boots in hot water and blotted my face. Then, assuming my coat with graceful ease and with the tail in the front, I descended to breakfast, where I gently poured the coffee on the cushions and put my hat on the fire to boil."

"My family, observing me leave the house by way of the chimney, and take the fender with me on one arm, thought I must have some thing on my mind. So I had."

"My friend, I am engaged."

not be kept down indefinitely.

That kind of thing urges me to believe that, fairly soon, the trumpeter who gets up and goes to town will be launched to a musical Country.

Ballads, now I say what you like, but I think that our parents enjoyed this music a damned sight more than we do, and did.

There was melody. The proof of that is easy to find: it is, simply, that despite the all-in onslaught of jazz, swing, and hot music, it's not unusual to hear a kid of tender years crooning *Mary*, or a number of similar vintage. Some of the songs, I know, have been dragged from old albums by modern band leaders, dusted, and again placed in circulation; others have come to the kids by way of their parents.

But in either case, it proves that they have melody — for, if your kid's like mine, a number must have a good share of melody to make it bearable when sung by a five-year-old with conscientious and monotonous consistency.

It may be a pointer to the changing musical tastes of today that America — and it is an invariable rule that what America wishes today Australia wants tomorrow — has gone solidly for ballads and even folk songs.

In fact, it is rumored in Tin Pan Alley that a composer was recently heard murmuring the fact that his chief competitors, these days, are not the gentlemen in the rooms across the way, but those poor mortals who have long since found havens beneath the sod.

Sadly, he called attention to the fact that, having auditioned a new, fresh member of a publisher, he was told that it wasn't old enough. Nobody knew it. Henceforth, stated the song-writer, he would stick strictly to re-writing songs at least three centuries old. Finally, he added that "it must be peace or something."

Peace, or any other cause, it is true that a young man, with an optimism which was generally conceded to have been replaced, re-

cently booked the New York Town Hall with a view to singing ballads to the customers.

The announcement of this intention stirred the police department not at all; not one solitary patrolman was sent to supervise the traffic in the vicinity of the hall. After the first night, the gentlemen came in squads, and the young ballad-singer — Richard Dyer-Bennett by name — subsequently picked the Carnegie Hall to capacity.

Since then, the market for ballad singers has been truly great, and the only circumstance which has prevented a glut is that when a ballad singer runs through his repertoire, he can be fairly certain that outside the hall are many enthusiasts who failed to gain entry.

It is possible, of course, that the return to balladry will produce many critics, and I do not promise not to be among them. For a type of ballad suits like this:

"*They buried her in the old churchyard,*

*They buried him beside her,  
And out of her grave grew a red,  
red rose.*

*And out of his a green holly.  
They climbed and they climbed  
Up the old church tower  
Till they couldn't climb any  
higher.*

*And there they tied a true lover's  
knot—*

*The red rose and the green holly* — which, all things considered, is hardly the type of music which would persuade me to don overcoat and gloves on a winter's night and battle through the elements to an exhibition of ballad singing.

And, even though I may not care for Dyer-Bennett and his ballads, I appreciate him because he has taken music back to the days when its first essential was a melody you could sing in the bathroom.

It is possible that the day will come, *grains* be, when music will find a balance between Sinatra and Dyer-Bennett. Spiced that day — because when I listen to music, I, in common with Dinah Shore, like to recognize the taste.





Make your choice: to live with your children, or in an old folks' home.

ANONYMOUS

## I LOVE MY CHILDREN . . . BUT

I HAVE just been to visit several old folks' homes and have picked out the ones that I like best in which to spend what are popularly called my "declining years." I don't expect to move in for some years to come, and indeed I may never have to.

You see, I have yet to declare my forty-fifth birthday. But I believe that these are the years to plan intelligently for being 70. So few people ever do!

My own parents didn't. Mother is 81 now and Father is 83. They came to live with me in 1929, just after the stock market crash wiped out his small business. That was fifteen years ago, and it has made for difficulties and problems that I would never want to inflict, in turn, on my children, were the situation to be reversed in the future.

No roof is high enough or wide enough adequately to cover three generations. It isn't fair to the best interests of any of them. The middle generation becomes the govt., eternally trying to be the bridge between the elder and the younger who have little experience and few interests in common.

Grandpa talks about "the good

old days," while Junior dreams about jet-propelled rockets. Grandpa "views with alarm," Junior, "the adventurous richness of youth." Grandpa hates juve and swing, Junior adores it and can't see why he must turn off the radio simply because it's hard on Grandpa's high blood pressure.

Pride and sentimentality combine to prevent us from realistically facing this whole problem of dependent elderly parents. We are afraid of hurting their feelings. We are afraid of what the neighbors might say or think. We are painfully under the domination of what our parents expect of us. They, in turn, cherish the false doctrine that we owe a lot to them and should spend the rest of *their* lives repaying it.

The honest truth of the matter is that both they and we would be happier and freer to live on our own lives and pursue our own special interests under any roof but the same one!

Attempting to revive the early pattern of our association with our parents after we ourselves have become parents, is as unnatural as expecting a brood of robins to install papa and mama in next year's

nest along with the new fledglings.

I say here and now to my three children:

"You owe me nothing and have already given me infinitely more joy and pleasure than I expected or deserve. I brought you into the world without consulting you or asking your permission. You were born, not because I loved you, but because I loved your father and had faith in life. Pass that love along to your children, in turn, and they to theirs. This is love fulfilled — not by turning back but by handing the torch on to the next generation."

We need to face this problem seriously because it is likely to increase rather than diminish. Science has made tremendous strides in recent years in prolonging the life span. More and more people are living to be older and older. A baby born this year has a life expectancy of 65 years. A century ago the life expectancy was only 40 years! Scientists say it is not fantastic to look forward to living 130 years.

All this means that we are certain to have a population composed of more elderly than young people. If the birth rate continues to drop, a married couple may soon expect to have two or three times as many old people as children in their home.

Social Security will undoubtedly relieve some of the financial worries of old age. But elderly people must often be looked after physically. Like children, their meals must be cooked and served, their clothes laundered, dry-cleaned and mended, their beds made and then sheets washed.

The solution is simple. We send our very small children to nursery schools so that they may be among their own kind and speak the same language without the constant strain of trying to live in an adult world for which they are not yet emotionally, mentally, or psychologically ready. Even the furniture is scaled down to their size in order to make them feel at ease and at home. Demands on them are blessedly lessened during the happy hours while they live in this child's size world.

Similarly, old people would be much happier and better adapted to their particular problems if they lived more generally in close association with each other. They could about at each other, happy in the knowledge that the other fellow was just as dead. They could reminisce with each other in definitely without boring the other person to death because he had already heard the same story twenty times.

Unfortunately, most of us grow up with a horror of old folks' homes or institutions of any kind. This dread is quite unfounded and the time to correct it is now, while you are still young enough to change your mind.

Only ignorance or false pride can blind the elderly to the innumerable advantages of spending their seventies and eighties with each other instead of within range of noisy, quarrelling grandchildren who have to be hushed because "Grandma is taking her nap." Personally, I'd much rather have my grandchildren look forward to coming to see me in the old folks' home than wish I were in Gehenna!

# SHOCKS AND SHARES

Perceval Dill had a very fond pet.  
Who, in outstripping his career  
to savings,  
Secured for Percy at very  
great cost.  
A seat on the Stock Exchange.  
But Percy was young and not  
very bright.  
Though of confidence he was  
full.  
Being always in doubt whether  
to buy or to sell.  
Whether to get like a bear or  
rely on the bull.  
As a result, he was quickly  
relieved of his coin;  
No fortune did he cross;  
Now Percy is neither a bull or  
a bear—  
But purely and simply, an ass!

I have recently made the rounds of a hall dozens such homes for the aged because I wanted, while still flexible enough to overcome any prejudice I might have, to get a true picture of what they have to offer.

In every instance they seemed to me vastly preferable to what any elderly person can expect from living with relatives where there are necessary emotional situations with which to cope.

I found large, sunny, comfortably furnished rooms full of contented people within the same age group. They were reading their papers, sewing, playing cards together, or just chattering amiably about the one thing they all had in common, the past.

I talked with several serene, smiling, elderly people.

"At first I didn't want to come here," one grandmotherly person told me. "I had a dread of institutions, but now I wouldn't be anywhere else. It's most like a country club. I'm never lonely any more."

"I guess old people have a reputation of talking to themselves because so often there's no one else to talk to," said an old man. "But it's not like that here."

"I used to live with my son and his wife. They got on my nerves and I know I got on theirs. She'd go shopping all morning and to card parties in the afternoon. Nights they'd go to the movies. Sometimes they'd ask me to go along, but I'm deaf and couldn't hear so I didn't enjoy it. When the war came along they took jobs in another city and I came here. I like it fine. There's always some one around for company."

I came home from my visit to a very different atmosphere. My young daughter was red-eyed and her grandparents had long, disapproving frowns.

"You spoil that child," my mother burst out. "She just won't listen to me. I haven't a bit of influence with her."

"It was just because I wanted to wear my black patent leather dancing slippers to school, Mother," explained Cynthia. "You always let me when I have a spelling test because I feel happy inside and not so scared of all the hard words. But Grandma said I couldn't. Grandma and you spoil me."

"Never saw such a wilful child

in my life," grumbled my father. "Needs to be taken over someone's knee. It takes a snap to raise a young one right. These new-fangled ways are ruinous."

No, age and youth don't click. They are opposite poles of the life cycle. It isn't fair to either of them to subject them to the constant irritation they exert on each other. There are old people, of course, who remain potentially young of heart and mind. But they are rare.

I am placed in the awkward position of trying to be a good and

wise mother to my own children while being forced at the same time to play the role of obedient child to parents who continue to want to exert their influence over me.

That's why I have decided now, while I am still capable of thinking straight on this whole problem, that I will not hamper my children's lives by living with them after they have grown up and set out on their own.

That's why I shall some day live in an old folks' home — and like it!



## MISTER, Here's Your



# Kite

What features will be built into the plane you'll own tomorrow?

F/ILT. JOHN O'CALLAGHAN

"GET the plane and let's go out for the day."

Such a remark has been a commonplace for years if you substitute "car" for "plane." But the Air Age has been sneaking up on us, and for car we may be able to read pious rather sooner than many people imagine. However, despite sensational wartime advances in aviation, I feel that we are still some distance from translating the family car to the sky coupe, but we are moving that way, and the early stirrings of the air age are very interesting.

Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian-born Governor of Bengal, has flown his own plane for years, whilst a Civil Aviation Department estimate gives the number of privately-owned planes in Australia at 200, mostly Wackett trainers. This figure is being augmented by about one plane a day. Aircraft available from the Disposals Commission, however, is limited, and demand will exceed supply from this service. Furthermore, experienced pilots will seek a plane more adaptable to civilian needs.

Already we are at the stage of

arguing just what kind of aircraft will best suit the private owner. Manufacturers are wracking their brains for cute, sellable ideas; designers are eagerly searching for ways to chop down the cost by a few pounds to undercut competitors, and the trade journals are featuring pages of knowledgeable discussion on just what will best suit you — the purchaser. Maybe you have not yet realized that you are the aircraft industry's Target for Tomorrow, but probably the high-powered salesman is much nearer to you than you imagine. So if you now own a Buick or better, beware, for the sales campaign will soon be after you, and within a decade probably the salesman will have worked through the owners, right down to the push-bikers. Enter the Air Age.

A summary of current ideas is difficult to compile, for the ideas are so diverse. However, I see the ideal civilian plane as possessing these features.

(1) The aircraft will probably be a conventional land plane. The up-and-down helicopters are still at the creaky stage, requiring ex-

pert handling, while the amphibians, etc., attractive though they are, are normally far too much in performance ever to become the Forbs and Chubs of the airways.

(2) You will probably have a 2 or 4 seater, low-wing, cabin type monoplane, featuring particularly reliability and ease of servicing. An engine of approximately 150 horse power will be the power plant, and the kite as a whole is to be fundamentally simple. For "gadgets," though adding to performance, are the devil from other viewpoints. Each new installation — whether it is to wind up the undercarriage electrically, or to reverse the airscrew for braking — means greater cost, more frequent servicing, one more device to go wrong, and one more control to worry an imperfect pilot.

(3) Wing span need not be great. Probably 30 feet or so represents a reasonable figure in view of hangar space and ground manœuvring. Of course, the enterprising manufacturer will probably supply a dummy detachable wing tip if it's just a case of making your kite bigger than that of the Jones'.

(4) The airscrew will probably be fixed, as variable pitch, valuable as it is, loses on the simplicity count. However, de Havilland have just announced a simplified variable-pitch device that might put this excellent addition into the foolproof stock models.

(5) The interior of the aircraft will introduce many of the features which, like a beautiful tuning dial on a radio set, have sales value, if little else. Attractive leatherwork, comfortable arm-

chairs and knick knacks like vases and ash trays, may help the salesman with a non-technically minded buyer.

Good visibility is to be stressed, and a wide angle of vision on three sides will be necessary. One popular American type has its airscrew in the form of a pusher instead of a puller, so that the pilot sits high and clear like the skipper of a Manly ferry. One other advantage of this behind-the-cabin propeller is that there is less danger of the careless member of the family walking into its whirling blades. But it is the old story of the swings and the roundabouts, for in such a type the cabin must be windowless like a beer bottle or some such trifle cast lightly out by pilot or passenger, become caught in the airscrew.

(6) Opinions are very varied concerning the pilot's setup. Should he be very comfortably installed with adjustable seat and foot pedals; nest little car-type instrument panel, and all his familiar car comforts of dashboard radio etc? Or should he be confronted with a more spartan environment less likely to distract his attention from the fact that in a three-dimensional vehicle life is somewhat more real and exact than in his cardboard motor car? The experts are still undecided, but I think the final decision will be for comfort, even at the risk of putting the pilot to sleep. For an occasional nap, or fit of inattention would be much less hazardous in a well-designed aircraft than in a car.

(7) The present non-flyer, recalling photographs of instrument panels on war planes that featured

views of dials and gauges, may well wear details of how many clocks he will have to watch. There is no need for ammeter, bar, square foot engine instrument, an airspeed indicator, altimeter, turn and bank indicator, a directional gyro and a P-4 compass should suffice.

(8) Under miscellaneous features might be listed the odds and ends that prospective buyers are wanting. The mere fact that customers are getting to the choosy stage of discussing details indicates growing air consciousness.

Thus the type of door is important. The athletic, clambering-into-cockpit entry, right enough for the catfisher, is out of the question for John Smith, departmental manager, flying in the neighboring capital for an afternoon conference. In this connection one writer whimsically remarks that life will be

less interesting for ground staff now, than in the days when an elevated, open cockpit, wireless altimeter and feminine skirts combined to be very distracting to a conscientious workman. So wide, car-type doors are featured on your waiting aircraft.

A similar consideration is cleanliness. There are to be no oily bits and pieces to leave their mark on frock and suit. Of course, for the solo enthusiastic student to pile up his hours, there will always be the grasshopper bites with grease evenly divided between engine and cockpit.

(9) Finally there is the important consideration of cost. Are such pleasant vehicles limited to the large income that normally maintains a yacht and a racetrack or two? No, the cost, though still high, is not prohibitive and will decline when mass production and

improved designs smile. The aircraft I have described to you, purchased new, would cost between £1,000 and £1,200. This may seem expensive, but many citizens who previously found this above them will find it within reach.

We frequently hear it said that Australia is a land of opportunity in many ways that claim a false, but I consider that it is true in the matter of private flying. Our conditions are more favorable than in any other country in the world. Thus we have a fog-free climate, infrequent idling conditions, or remarkable visibility and a flat, non-mountainous continent. Add to these natural advantages the geographic factor of a huge country with undeveloped land communications and crying out for air transport. We have also relatively high level of individual wealth, and more trained flying men per thou-

sand of our population than has any other country in the world.

Crown this remarkable list of favorable factors with the Australian tradition for seamanship — that daredevil instinct distilled from a hard country and its rugged pioneers still so close in time to our present generation. This is tradition that in a few short decades has given us a Ross Smith, a Kingsford Smith, a Harry Hawker and a Bert Hinkler, a Charlie Ulm and a P. G. Taylor, and a long roll of names only slightly less famous in the air legends of both peace and war.

Consider all these factors and agree that private flying is a "must" for a lot of present day Australians, and that the year is not far distant that will grant John Citizen with the familiar service slogan of, "Master, here's your kite."



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 16



DON'T FENCE ME IN

# MUSIC HATH CHARMS

- herewith various examples of savage beasts being soothed over the airwaves

A-RUM AND CO



(1) Not so soothing to the timid guest but rather the cause of nervous apprehension when "mother and daughter" swing into their routine

AS TIME GOES BY



(2) Butch was always a pushover for good music but his room-mate doesn't feel this is a particularly well-chosen time

(3) Two Bobby-soxers being sent by Frankie





(44) The complicated and beautiful precision of the concentrated ether bug a la a Boch Fugue send the Jackson—right to the bar.—Yeah, man.



(45) With a peed gin building, aphrodisiacs and the seductively combative acid of Blue Prelude gets right under their skins and has them far in the spot where they used to keep a heart.

## Medicine ON THE MARCH



the standard zinc, copper and camphor lozenges previously used in treating the complaint.

**PENICILLIN** inhalation is the newest treatment for pneumonia. A special atomizer, equipped with a glass bubble-plum, breaks down the penicillin solution into particles only 1/25,000th of an inch in diameter. As the patient inhales, these tiny particles are sucked directly to the lungs, thus reaching the seat of infection much quicker than when injected into the blood stream.

A NEW technique for removing the prostate gland has been discovered by Dr. Terence Millin, Surgeon of London's All Saints' Hospital. The new method is reported to be simpler, safer and better than those now in use, and approved by all concerned, including the patient.

**IMPETIGO**, the scabby sores which are highly contagious, are still a problem to doctors in the war just ended. Sulphuriazide had been tried out in the U.S. with good results. The British Army found that micro-sulphazone cleared up impetigo quicker than

**SULPHA** drugs can be made effective against species of bacteria that ordinarily resist their action by using them in combination with certain synthetic dyes, reports *Science Service*. Methylene blue and brilliant crystal blue are the most effective since both the dyes are able to check the growth of bacteria. Tests show a prominent therapeutic value for combination dye-and-sulpha treatment of at least one type of infection.

**NICONTINIC** Acid, the anti-pellagra vitamin, is being used to relieve malarial headaches. American servicemen suffering from malaria have tried out the nicotinic acid, with definite relief in 10 out of 25 cases.

**WHEN** the discovery of streptomycin was announced it was called a new "penicillin type of drug" and it was said to have no power against tuberculosis. Later experiments at the New York Mayo Clinic have discovered in it a "striking repressive effect" against tuberculosis in guinea-pigs; effects on "human guinea-pigs" have not yet been stated.

# Mother's Day



It started as a beautiful idea—and was sponsored by Big Business.

MICHAEL NOONAN

"SURE I love the dear silver  
that shines in your hair  
And the brass that's all furrowed  
and scrubbed with care;  
I kiss the dear fingers so soft soon  
for me —  
Oh, God bless you and keep you,  
Mother Mackree."

Certainly they love the dear silver — the silver that rolls into the cash boxes of commerce. Silver and gold that the Mother Mackrees, the Mother McLeods and the Mother Montgomerys all over the world undoubtedly raise for the greatest sales promotion stunt in history!

Unless you're both blind and deaf, there is little chance that you will remain unaware of the significance of the coming second Sunday in May.

Commercial radio, newspapers and shop windows will see to that. Persuasive advertisements, glib, attractive and disturbing, will compel you to go through the rites of

Mother's Day, send you rushing to a florist or scrambling for a box of handkerchiefs in a gift store.

For those who cannot be impressed by flowery word or enticing window display, there is every possibility that others, the Bad Boys of Big Business, will devise some means of informing them of the joy a mother receives on being presented with a box of chocolate, creamy chocolate, or a trapezoidal of elusive perfume.

The retailers of ribbon-bound sweets and lace-edged haberdashery owe the sudden rise in their turnover to a woman called Anna Jarvis. Mother's Day was her idea.

But she didn't realize the form her idea would eventually take. She dreamt of kind thoughts and simple expressions of love — not stuff conferences, high-pressure sales talk and profits.

To Miss Anna Jarvis, a mother's love was the cream of love,

but she was greatly disturbed by the fact that so few realized this. Therefore, when her own mother died and denied her this love, she began a crusade for the recognition of all mothers.

The emblem of the day, first worn in May, 1907, was a white carnation, chosen by Anna because it had been her mother's favorite flower.

And at that white carnation, the first cynical onlooker blinked — a flower peddler made plans to be on the streets with baskets of these blooms.

As the idea spread, it was given greater popularity by the Churches, who arranged special services. And by 1911 there was not one state in the U.S.A. in which these exercises were not held.

Anna's dream started to come true, whilst the papers of the racketeers were answered in Canada, parts of South America, Africa and China. . . even Japan one husband was persuaded to purchase glistering silk kimonos.

Recognition of the highest order came in May, 1914, when President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday in May as a day for honoring and revering mothers.

Similar proclamations were issued each year and the cult of commerce began to put one another on the back, and plan bigger and better Mother's Days.

Even then you could make a selection from an imposing array of gilt and colored greeting cards, from specially designed chocolate boxes and from the shrewd suggestions proffered by the window dressers.

Meanwhile, Anna Jarvis, battling to preserve the original sentiment of Mother's Day, was becoming more eccentric.

She was jealous of her idea and bitterly denounced those who advocated a box of candy, that would obviously be shared with the entire family, as the perfect way of treating mother on her day.

She tearfully told a reporter of the enterprise of a butcher in her neighborhood. "In his window," she sobbed, "he put a notice saying: 'Get a shave and take a clean mug home to mother!'"

The President's proclamation obliged all national institutions to display flags — in fact, the entire nation was encouraged to run the colors to the masthead, or hang them out the upstairs window.

But someone thought of a better way. What about a stamp? So, in 1934, the Postmaster General issued a three cent stamp bearing an engraved miniature of the artist Whistler's famous painting of his mother.

Even this, to Anna, had a smothering commercial flavor.

"Mother's Day was my idea!" she screamed. "But look what they have done to it — made it an excuse for flagrant publicity and every sales promotion man is re-versed!"

But was it Anna's idea? The ancient Greeks took a few days off each year to pay homage to motherhood. With strange rites in woods and caves they worshipped Cybele, the mother of all the gods . . . but with rites no stranger than mass production of electric water jugs or the packing of assorted candy.

Rome took up the custom in 250 B.C., and although the Romans didn't arrange special radio programmes, they still had appropriate recitations and songs, perhaps they didn't present their mothers with the silver evening bags Big Business suggested, but the wine and food merchants must have grinned shyly to themselves as their cellars and stores emptied and their coffers swelled.

No wonder the family man chews down his fingernails at the beginning of May each year. He has a whole constellation of mothers to revere. There's his own, his mother-in-law, his wife, who is the mother of his children, and then the children invariably demand money to buy something for Fluffy, who has 24 kittens to her credit.

Big Business owes to the cats and dogs with wicker baskets and new collars.

The Mother's Day peasant becomes so intense that a man feels right out of everything if he hasn't got a mother. So Big Business says: "If you haven't got a mother, find one!" And the bachelor blushes all the way home in the bus whilst he tickles fellow passengers' ears with the protruding ends of a bunch of roses for his landlady.

During World War II, Mother's Day required much of its former parity of sentiment. Army censors swooned over stacks of mail and stared in amazement when some lowly private composed the following lines:

*"A mother's heart is solid gold,  
Her eyes are golden, too.  
Within their depths, there's  
tenderness,*

*No matter what their hue."*

Not exactly Shakespearean verse, but the kind of thought that would have given Anna Jarvis a smile of joy in the midst of all her sorrow.

Then Anna Jarvis, after investing so much of her money, her time and strength in her idea, was forced to give in.

Blind, penniless and 83-years-old, a broken woman requested medical treatment from a hospital in Philadelphia. That was in November, 1944.

She was cared for in a sanatorium and plans were immediately made for a memorial to her. It will be one of the few things likely to preserve the true Mother's Day spirit for which she fought so long. Perhaps on the edge of some park, it will stand in defiance of a massive, fifty-story skyscraper.

Mother's Day having been borne on a flood of sentimentality to a great buying wave eclipsed only by Christmas, Big Business looked around for a crafty new craft to go in search of a new Golden Fleece... with the accent on the Fleece.

Dear Father was yanked by his braces into the synagogy arena.

But it wasn't such plain sailing for the postmaster. Father is not only Captain of his Soul, but also controller of the family purse strings, and he objected to paying out good money for the kids to buy him a liffless tie, or suspenders that chafed the proud hair off his calves.

Father's Day may die out, but Mother's Day will keep rolling around. So keep least. You may be a mother yourself some day.



"But, Mother, I'm not going to marry the first fellow I ask!"



## NORTH SIDE, SOUTH SIDE



The river at Canberra is not merely a stream; it's also a social barrier.

FREDERICK T. SMITH

THERE'S an American small-town expansion which says that if you live on the other side of the railway tracks you are not among the best people.

In Canberra if you live on the north side of the Molonglo River the effect is the same — you are not on the social register.

Everything seems to happen on the south side — the diplomatic do's, the prime afternoon teas, the six-o'clock parties — and, if you live on the North side you're not invited very often; not because you are uncouth, or suffer from some contagious ailment, or, in fact, are very much different from the Southsiders. You're not in the social swing because there's a mental as well as geographical isolation between the North and the South.

If you live on the North Side you must come in from far suburbs to do your shopping at the one shopping area provided on that

side — Civic Centre. Your choice of shops is also more limited and you are likely to pay a little more for what you buy because competition is less keen. You haven't got a swimming pool, your transport service is less convenient, and you lack in many small ways the services and amenities available to Southsiders.

You notice the difference as soon as you cross the ugly Commonwealth Avenue bridge that spans the wide flats separating the chain of waterholes which, for geographical expediency, has been named the Molonglo River.

To the North of the Molonglo River, the Mason and Dixon line between Canberra's North and the South, there is the same orderly arrangement of streets and avenues, the same neat little houses, but there is a slight careworn and roughness, and the faintest suggestion of untidiness in the appearance of the northern suburbs.

The gardens, as a general rule, do not seem so spacious; the trees are not so softening to the landscape as they are in the southern suburbs.

You drive in from Sydney through a bare countryside. The northern suburbs, Braddon, Ainslie and Reid stretch away to the left in row upon row of red roofs to the foot of Mt. Ainslie. To the right, remote from the main road, the new, dusty suburb of Turner cramps in, treeless and raw, towards Black Mountain.

You drive through Civic Centre, with its line of shops behind arched and colonnaded terraces with a slightly Oriental effect, and then there's a long drive through open spaces with only a building here and there.

Disappointed with your first sight of Canberra you come to the Commonwealth Avenue bridge. For years its loose planks and protruding spurs have been a menace to tyres, but in recent months the Department of the Interior, provoked by many protests, has started the long job of repair.

Not until you cross the bridge do you reach the Canberra of the picture postcards — the trim, rigid orderliness of the traditional Canberra. Commonwealth Avenue becomes a broad, two-thoroughfare highway through close-clipped lawns and flower beds, past the well-tended Royal Canberra Golf Course and the imposing Government buildings.

To the left the road leads to Parliament House and its splendid gardens; to the right to the mansions of Red Hill, to Yarralumla, the Vice Regal residence,

and out to the pine-forested mountains. Straight ahead are the suburbs of Forrest, Barton and Griffith.

There are hundreds of houses of exactly the same design as in the northern suburbs, the same general pattern of avenues and circles, but there is, somehow, a difference. The gardens are bigger and brighter here because the people in the big houses with a gardener to do the heavy work set the example. The diplomatic residences set a standard of outdoor luxury which the mansion dwellers of Mugga Way copy, and the descending social — and financial — circle in Forrest seek to emulate.

All but a handful of high officials live on the South side. Every one of the expensive, privately built houses are also on the South side.

One of the most enduring labels on Canberra which has survived from the earliest days is that here is a city of rigid class distinction and a brand of snobbish foreign and an Australian community. Certainly there is a minority of staid people whose standard of social right and wrong rests on the Blue Book of Public Service salaries, but this is not the true Canberra. Canberra is full of friendly, free-and-easy people, foremost among whom are the most important of its officials.

The main factor operating to prevent Canberra's complete social reformation is the deeply ingrained inferiority complex, inherent in an official community in which major and minor officials are thrown into constant contact in a small-town environment.

The condition, amplified by the quiet antagonism of the Southsiders, and the more infrequent instances of lack of imagination by officials responsible for Canberra's development, has provoked the now deep-seated jealousy of the North for the South.

Today, with the war over, the controversy of North versus South has flared up anew, and this time the Northerners say they are determined to have their disadvantages corrected.

For weeks the columns of the Canberra Times, staunch champion of Canberra's causes, have been full of the controversy. Northerners want more shopping centres, more houses, more transport, more official recognition that although the salary cheques are higher on the South side, Northerners are also an important part of Canberra's community.

Northerners are not so much interested in the possible social differences with the South — if there are any. They are happy to consider that their democratisation is more complete, and that their fellow citizens on the South side, despite the social niceties, still have a long way to go to enjoy life thoroughly.

A few years ago Australians smiled over the hue and cry that was raised when a girl in slacks was ordered out of Parliament House. Now girls in shorts are a common sight in the sacred precincts.

So Northerners were amused when a hotel on the South side refused to serve two soldiers in the lounge because in their tropical rig they were "improperly dress-

ed." Northerners sneered slightly when the Royal Canberra Golf Club ordered two shirtless players off the links one sweltering day last summer.

However, the North and the South meet on common ground in their self-consciousness about the old construction camps at Causeway and Westlake which, through Canberra's chronic housing shortage, have become suburbs of the capital. In Causeway and Westlake some of Canberra's most worthy, if lowest paid, citizens live.

Bitterly a Westlake resident wrote recently to the Canberra Times. "I have known Canberra since 1924, when it was a camp city, and it has always been a place of repression, and still is."

Blaming "undemocratic, near-Fascist elements ruling Government departments," the writer said he had been informed by the Department of the Interior that a resident of Westlake would not be permitted to move to another suburb, and that when about 800 people now waiting for houses were placed, all the people of Westlake would be moved to a mass migration to some other place!

Some of the edge has worn off Canberra's rawness over 18 years, but it will be a long time yet before Canberra people lose their chip-on-the-shoulder self-consciousness and the city acquires the bright sophistication of a national capital.

Then the rivalry of the North and the South will seem a small thing indeed.



"Story's original"

# Of Course You Can Talk In Public



The art of public speaking can be mastered by even the most nervous man.

MAXWELL DROKE

IF you are a moderately good conversationalist — if you can talk earnestly and engagingly to two or three people — then you can talk to a hundred or a thousand.

To be sure, you may not become another Demosthenes. And that is all to the good. For the day of the spellbinder is spent. This is the age of the Public Talker. Simple, straightforward speech is the thing that is called for in a modern meeting.

You can talk in public, just as soon as you have frankly faced and completely debunked the Five Fears that now keep you tongue-tied and chained to a chair.

Let's have a look at those fears, and spot them for the foolish phantoms that they truly are:

First on our list of possibilities is a physical fear of your audience. You'll have to admit that one does not give you much concern. I've seen audiences sit through talks a whole lot worse than anything you'll ever perpetrate without re-

sorting to decayed vegetables or ancient eggs. No; you won't be shot dead, so we can mark off the fear of physical violence.

Second on our list is the fear of ridicule. We may catalogue this as possible but highly improbable. Audiences are, on the whole, remarkably compassionate and long-suffering. They rarely ridicule the inexperienced performer. To be sure they may boo, hiss, or otherwise express their disapproval of the speaker whose views differ radically from their own point of view. But such demonstrations are a reflection on content, rather than manner or method of delivery. And if some choose to challenge your ideas, well, that at least is proof you are saying something to stir their interest. So, in all fairness, we must check off another of our fears. Fears of ridicule just isn't a valid alibi.

But that third fear, now — the fear of making a spectacle of yourself. That's something pretty real, isn't it?

Well, the fear may be real enough. But the foundation is false. You will not make a spectacle of yourself. Take comfort in the fact that the beginner practically always makes a far better speech than he expects to make. The calamities that he anticipates in morbid imagination just don't come to pass in real life. You will not lose your trousers, or your shoes, or your voice. You will not faint. And (though it seems a pity to strip you of this last pet apprehension) your legs won't wobble.

No, my dear perturbed friend, you will not make a spectacle of yourself. That privilege is reserved for the self-confident asses who, in their blind egotism, never even know that they are public spectacles!

Your Fourth Fear? To be quite truthful about it, you don't believe this one yourself. But in moments of torturing introspection, it tries to haunt you. This is the fear that what you have to say isn't worth saying.

It would be a wholesome thing for juvenile art if a few thousand intrepid individuals who are always ready to talk at the drop of a gavel might shoot your becoming modesty. But, alas, this apprehension always seems to hit the wrong people!

Of course you have something to say. Everyone has. And as long as you speak with the voice of authority, your public will hear you gladly. Stay in the field you know. Speak from your own experience and observation. Never permit yourself to be tempted into spouting idle theory, or discussing things that are beyond your depth.

I once had a neighbor whose fingers were all green thumbs. No wonder that he stuck in the ground would ever have the temerity to wither and die. When that neighbor held forth on the art of making an asparagus bed, I would listen and learn.

But later, in the twilight, over a cooling skin of beer, he was wont to open with his favorite theme — juvenile delinquency. And then I would think up errands that would take me extensively elsewhere, because my gardening friend didn't have an original thought about either juveniles or delinquency. And I had no relish for social views strained.

But let's get on to your fifth fear — the fear that you may bore your audience. Candidly, I don't think you will. You'd be surprised to know how much an average audience can stand! But let's assume that you are something less than sensational. Well, brother, you won't be the first offender! Bored were known to frequent public platforms long before your day. And there will be plenty more coming along after your efforts are forgotten. So what? You have as much right to bore 'em as the next one.

Well, now, we have taken those Five Fears, one by one, and tried to explode them — we have found, rather to your surprise, that they are a bunch of duds. When you get right down to brass tacks, there isn't a thing to be afraid of.

I know it sounds insane to say that the way to learn to speak in public is to get up on your feet and start talking. But you might as well face it frankly! There is no

other way. No magic formula. No sensational short-cut. You can sit and listen to the finest instructor in the land. He can tell you a number of things that will help you along the way to easy, effective delivery. But he can't make your speech.

How will you start?

The best way of all is probably the simplest and most effective. Join a group who share your interest in Public Talking — not too large a class, so that you will have plenty of opportunity for feedback. The advantage here is a mutual interest. That's what you need — to get wrapped up in some thing so that you will forget yourself. Then, too, you are all assured together.

If there is no public speaking class in your community, why shouldn't you go about the business of launching one? Talk to a few of your friends and associates. Six makes a nice group, ten might be better. Adopt a standard textbook for technical instruction and pick a seasoned speaker for the class leader. A local minister, perhaps; a lawyer, or maybe the chairman of one of your luncheon clubs. No locality is too small to provide the nucleus for a study group.

Next time you attend a meeting of your Sunday-School class, lodge, or what not, make up your mind in advance that, come what may, you are going to get up on your feet and say something. Yes, that getting up on your feet is important. No tag scrounging down in your chair away back in a corner.

I once knew a fellow who was so painfully backward it was real torture for him to open his mouth in

public. But one day, at a big public meeting, he struggled to his feet and with a display of will power that was magnificent, said, "S—Second the motion." That was all. He didn't die. The roof failed to fall in. So he tried it again. By and by he got to making a game of it. He became the champion motion-seconder of those parts.

Then one day a nominating committee of his club put over a first one on him. They slated him for president and he won by a landslide. "Now," they said in great glee, "you just try to slip in a second one!" But in the long run, the joke proved to be on them. This office gave our hapless boy his real chance. And from what I hear he turned out to be a sensational presiding officer!

This true instance I have just related is a rather striking example of what the psychologists term *overcompensation*. To put it bluntly, your fear of, or aversion to, talking in public is a form of inferiority complex. Like all hampering complexes it can be and should be corrected. Actually, your timidity and diffidence may be turned to pronounced advantage through this scientifically accepted process of *overcompensation*.

Haven't you, at some time in your life, faced a task that was peculiarly distasteful to you? Something you dreaded and feared to undertake? You dilly-dallied and delayed, making all manner of excuses to yourself, until finally you just had to take the plunge. And what happened, huh?

Just as I thought! You proved not merely adequate, but completely and satisfyingly super.

## TREASURY INCOME TAX DEPT.



"My goodness, now who in the world would send me these?"



Plans for  
THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 16)



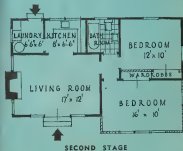
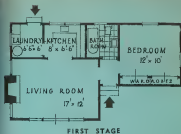
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.S.A.

This plan for a minimum home is offered as a suggestion to help solve the housing problem of all those people who find that the present sky-rocket prices have wrecked all their dreams of the ideal home they were going to build when the war was over. One of its chief advantages is that it doesn't have to be built all at once.

The first sketch plan shows the nucleus of the house, just enough for a young married couple. Land nowhere for the mother-in-law! The basis of all homes is the service section — kitchen, bathroom and laundry. All three are grouped together here, which makes for economy of building and ease of household working.

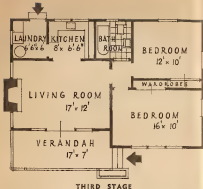
Front door opens directly into a very central hall that isn't big enough to take up a lot of valuable space, but does provide easy access to bedroom, bathroom and living room. The bedroom is not very large, but it has built-in wardrobes all along one wall. This reduces the furniture buying programme quite a bit and means that every bit of floor space in the room is usable.

The living room is large, for it is lounge and dining room combined. The cooking recess accommodates everything that a modern house should have in the minimum of space, and is right alongside the meal area. (Continued on page 68)



## THE MINIMUM HOME

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.



When there are signs that the family is growing, or when a second bedroom seems desirable to accommodate week-end guests (or even the mother-in-law), the second stage arrives. A bedroom is added. This is a larger room than the original bedroom, for it becomes the main bedroom. It takes some of the built-in wardrobe from the other room, but still leaves ample. Part of it can also be used for linen storage.

Entrance now is through the pair of glass doors that open up the living room to the garden.

When the third stage, the verandah, is added, entrance is no steps on to the verandah and thence into the living room doors. And the result is a really snug little minimum home that can house a young family of four without undue crowding.

The home would fit on a footprint of 40 feet. The first section, which conforms all the most expensive sections of a house, might be built in timber frame for a little more than \$600. If the complete home is built in one bite it should be done for about £800.

THE unprecedented high cost of building has increased the problems that confront the would-be home builder. Encouraged during the years when building was not permitted, by rosy pictures of the home of the future, he is bitterly disappointed when he learns that even a quite ordinary home is now beyond his reach.

The result of all this is that most of the homes now being built fall far short of the dreams of their owners. In their desperate need to acquire a home — any home — they are being forced to let the post-war home about which they have thought and dreamed and planned for so long slip away and to accept in its stead a house that they would have considered not quite good enough in 1939.

To get their home down to the price they can pay, they have to slice two or three feet off almost every room, plus with rigid economy, and do without the built-in cupboards, modern fittings, gadgets and all the other little extras that make all the difference.

The position won't always be as bad as it is now. Although everything points to a continued increase in costs of materials, we all know that prices cannot keep on going up.

These things go in cycles and there will come a time — although no one knows just when — when prices will be lower and the wheels of industry will run smoothly.

That is the time to build the dream home. But as the meantime.

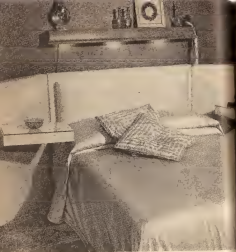
In the meantime, CAVALCADE suggests that you buy a block of land in one of the outer suburbs, or near one of the beaches and build yourself a minimum home on the lines suggested on the preceding page.

It is a complete home, although strictly a minimum one. And it won't be wasted. When you eventually get around to building your dream home, your minimum home will constitute a valuable asset on which you can realise, or you may like to retain it as a week-end home if it is strategically situated.

Several schemes have been put forward as the minimum home. Here we have one that gets all the essentials into the smallest possible space, and is still a comfortable home to live in. It is easy to work and run and looks right from both outside and in.

Naturally, it is isn't grand, but a house doesn't have to be big and imposing to be right. Proportion and layout are worth a good deal more than mere size, and given a reasonable garden setting, with the added advantage of some tall trees and some flowering shrubs, there are not many people who would not be proud of this minimum home.

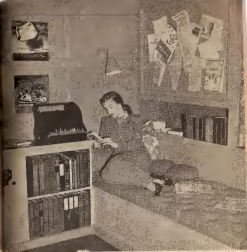
Anyway, there is the suggestion, and CAVALCADE will be happy indeed if it has helped to solve your housing problem.



*Acme Photos.*

## *I*deas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

*Accent on Lights.* Designed for luxury is this built-in lighting strip at the head of the bed. Catering for both occupants, the lights have individual switches, so that the reading in bed eddies away so without disturbing the sleeping partner. The wings of the headboard fold in, the shelves making handy bedside tables.



*This room* was intended primarily for a hobby room, but would come in useful on holiday times to provide a shakedown for an unexpected guest. Note the way the wall lamp is designed for reading in comfort. The couch is built on a cushioned base, handy for storing odds and ends like games equipment and gear. Built-in radio and record racks help to keep it tidy, and the small, easily accessible shelf is handy for current books in use, magazines and other toys.



*It's a room in which all of the lighting has been completely redesigned. It's a room in which all of the lighting has been completely redesigned. It's a room in which all of the lighting has been completely redesigned.*



*Flexible steel rod* allows the chair lamp to be turned up for indirect lighting, or down across the shoulder of the chair user who wishes to read. The lamp in the background is built on the same principle, intended to throw a diffused light around the entire room, or just concentrate a spot of brilliance where it is most needed.



*Decorative* — if you have enough time and energy to keep the drama as clear and sparkling as the elegance of the design demands. This is actually a period piece adapted to modern demands. The wall lights repeat the design of the centre piece. The table lamps are of a very modern, streamlined character, yet are in keeping with the room.

# TOMORROW'S

# WORLD

**GOOD** news for nonseaworthy citizens comes from America. The new *Stinson* four-place *Voyager 150* of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft is equipped with a dual engine muffler that reduces engine noise to a mere hum. Postwar models, now in operation, are so quiet that in conjunction with cabin sound proofing, the pilot uses a loudspeaker instead of head phones.

**A NEW** labor-saving device for housewives is the improved washing machine. In addition to all the other gadgets, this one has a buffer to separate articles of clothing after they have been spun dry. With a self-leveling device that adjusts itself to uneven floors, it needs no special installation and reduces the washing time to 25 minutes.

**A NEW** era in restful radio-listening is introduced by an under-pillow speaker. Designed to enable hospital patients to hear radio programmes without disturbing other patients, the case is hermetically sealed and may be dipped

without injury in disinfecting solutions.

**MILK** dehydrated by electronics has half the water content of ordinary dried milk. Future tropical homes will have the new dried milk, which withstands even the heat of the jungle.

**NEW** inner tubes of synthetic rubber, promised soon, hold air ten times more efficiently than tubes of natural rubber, it is claimed. They require inflation only three or four times a year, and at one use, with a nail driven through the casing into the tube, the car continued for several miles with nearly half the air remaining in the tyre.

**IF** the material in your new suit has been treated with Lanaset, you won't worry the dry-cleaners. Lanaset, a resin, makes the wool washable and shrink-proof, helps it to keep its shape and cuts better than untreated wool.

**SMALLER** in size than a cigarette packet, a radio receiver

has been specially designed for time and news broadcasts in New York. The station operating will be on FM, and will be located on the top of a New York office building.

**IT** is reported from Germany that a solution of certain resins is alcohol, for application to the hands of surgeons and nurses, has rendered the use of rubber gloves unnecessary.

**A FORTHCOMING** vacuum-cleaner has a brush which loosens embedded dirt in carpets, and which can be replaced by a power-driven floor polisher for bare floors.

**TRANSPARENT** plastic materials, soft as satin, tough and weatherproof, will soon be on the market for shower curtains, raincoats window curtains and soft furnishings.

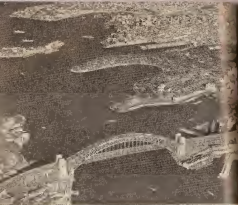
**THE** seams are closed by heat, and the material can be cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. Raincoats of this material fold up

into very small compass, and tobacco pouches made from it are already in use in Australia.

**JOY** for housewives on washing day is a waterproof plastic clothes-line. Washable, decolour-proof, stainless, this will go well with the new plastic clothespeg in bright colors.

**GIVING** plastic clothes pegs a run for popularity are the new lightweight aluminium products. Made in red, green, blue or silver, the pegs serve a dozen other household uses. As hangers for trousers or skirts, clips for documents, clamps for blueprints or negatives, the new pegs will come in for some heavy use when obtainable here.

**ELECTRONIC** sewing machines using radio-frequency current instead of a needle and thread, stitch a then solid seam in fabrics coated with thermoplastic compound. The seam is as strong as the material itself — and, in fact, welds the two pieces of material together.



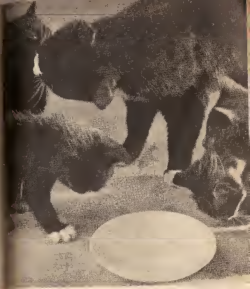
—MAN-MADE THINGS ARE SMALL—



—WHEN VIEWED BY THE CREATIONS OF GOD



"MIND IF I BITE INTO THE GAME?"



"WE'RE NOT PLAYING; THIS IS SERIOUS"





## Problem of the Month

Back in the days before the war when drinks cost six pence, we knew a bloke named Bill (not the one you know) who had a bit of bad luck at the races. By the time he had deducted his fare and counted up what he had left, he was pretty broke. However, he went into a pub, spread his cash out on the counter. "Double that and I'll buy a drink," he said. The barman considered it, but doubled the amount, and Bill bought his drink and walked out. (We told you this was before the war!) Now it was a long, long way to the station, and Bill got pretty dry before he reached it. So he tried another pub on the same tack. "Double that and I'll buy a drink." He drank up his beer and walked out. There was only one pub left now before the station, and a third time Bill doubled his cash, bought a drink and walked out. This time, he only had his fare home. How much did he have when he started on the doubling racket?

## Answer

Bill had sixpence left. The barman was just a lucky guess he carried around. Doubled, it was 10p. which, less sixpence, left fourpence halfpenny. Doubled again, that was eightpence, less sixpence, which left two pence. Doubled for the third time, it was sixpence, when just cleared him out.

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## Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION



### THE VASE

MARIEN DREYER

It was the first week in May. And the vase, to Florrie, was the perfect gift.

TO young Florrie Emma, squashing her nose against the smudgy plate glass, the vase was the most beautiful thing in the world.

It was dirty white and looked like nothing so much as a squinting toad. Splarged around it were dollops of red, smaller splashes of yellow, peace stars and the whole shedding green tears.

The colors were raw and violent. Sensitive passers-by flushed

sympathically, but Florrie always hurried from school until she got to the window, and then she feasted her eyes on it.

By running messages, by not going to the pictures on Saturday, but pocketing the money and sitting in the park and learning all about the serial on Monday mornings, Florrie had scraped together the magnificent sum of fifteen shillings. Compared with other child-

son she knew, it was a paltry sum, but Florrie's mother had fixed ideas on the subject of seven-year-old girls handling money. And money, in Florrie's home circle, was something not easily come by.

The first week in May Florrie, spurred on by the necessity of obeying the universal law that Mother be remembered, set foot nervously in the dim cavern of the Gift Shoppe.

"I went," she gulped, and clenched the money comfortingly in her grubby little fist. "I want t' know what that vase costs . . ."

The elderly man who ran the shop eyed the little girl speculatively.

"Hm," he considered. "Now, let me see." He tried to assess how much money the kid had. No telling with kids, nowadays. They always had plenty of money to spend. "A pound?"

Florrie's bottom lip dropped. "I didn't think it would be that much," she mumbled miserably. "I only got fifteen bob," and extended it on her grubby paw — a pathetic little heap of small silver coins.

The Gift Shoppe owner grunted. He had acquired the vase for nothing in a collection of junk.

"Do you want it for a present?"

"Mum, M-mother's Day," confessed Florrie, nervously. "I only saved up fifteen bob."

"Well," he said, grudgingly.

"That's a sweet little girl. I tell you what. I let you have it for fifteen bob, hey?"

Florrie's face ran the range of expression from disbelief to rapture. She watched anxiously while he took the treasure out of the

window and put it on the counter, wrapped it and then put it carefully into her arms.

She was so engrossed with the joy of possessing the coveted vase that her normal caution in crossing streets was lost. Instead of looking up and down, Florrie plunged blindly into the stream of traffic, and right into the path of a speeding jeep.

High above the hum of the traffic, her voice shrilled.

There was a confused rush. People hurried in the jeep and Florrie. Miraculously, she had been tossed in the air and thrown clear. She was white and shaken, but unhurt except for a few scratches and cuts. When the driver of the jeep, also white and shaken, vaulted over the side and knelt beside her, Florrie was crying. Great shaking sobs that hurt.

"Listen, kid, you hurt?" he yelled.

Florrie went on crying. The policeman from the corner leach down, too.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded. Sheila Grant, of the Star, was passing, noted her way through the crowd and joined the group around Florrie.

"Are you all right, dear?" Florrie, still sobbing, nodded.

"Poor kid's got a fright. We'd better take her to hospital. I think it's only shock," said the policeman.

Florrie stopped crying. "I don't wanna go to hospital," she protested. "I didn't get hurt. My — my vase got smashed."

She was still hugging the pot oil, and she held it out for inspection. It rattled ominously



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"Your vase?" asked Sheila.  
 Florie nodded. "I been saving up to buy it for Mother's Day," she wept again. "And it's broken."

The wail of a siren announced the arrival of the ambulance.

"I don't wanna go to hospital," said Florie. "I want my Mammy."

The united efforts of Sheila, the jeep driver, the policeman and the ambulance man persuaded Florie into the ambulance and found out her home address. Sheila climbed into the ambulance and they head off for Florie's home first to collect Florie's mother.

It made a good human interest story in the *Star* next morning, complete with picture of Florie, gazing anxiously at the flash bulb. For the sake of the readers who liked a bit of goos, Florie's head was hastily bound up, and her small, anxious face peered out from all editions, from page three.

"She didn't worry about her self," wrote Sheila. "All her tears were for the vase she had bought her mother for a Mother's Day gift. Florie had been saving up for weeks to buy the vase."

The following morning, Florie was still news. Sheila and a photographer had arrived late the previous afternoon with the jeep's driver. He and Florie were photographed as he handed over a donation to replace the smashed vase.

By this time, Florie was used to flash-bulbs. She no longer looked anxious. She smiled. She was still home from school, not because her injuries warranted it, but her mother never knew when the *Star* photographer and Sheila

would descend with more donors and their gifts.

The company of the *Smile o' White* revue had collected a small amount. The show wasn't going too well, and the publicity man now decided that a little free space might help. Consequently, Miss Louise Lapin, the leading lady, was to be seen on page five of a subsequent issue, graciously handing over a contribution.

Florie's school also got into the news. Her schoolmates contributed their name — under protest — after an address by the practically minded head teacher, on the virtue of Helping Others.

Bert Emma, Florie's father, had been enjoying life in an Army camp in ideal surroundings, far away from his domestic worries. The *Star* took a hand in getting him down home on compassionate leave to comfort his injured daughter. The *Star* callously ignored the fact that Bert's camp had been handy to a town with a large beer quota.

Contributors had been pouring into the *Star* office and to Florie's home. The postman, who rarely stopped at the Emma's home, now stopped there twice a day with a bundle of letters. Some of them were anonymous, some were sympathetic, but all of them contained cash except one, which was a tract, and one copy of a leaflet on Road Safety for Children.

The *Star* continued to play up the story, listing the amounts received and occasionally quoting the simple sentiment of the letters.

The child who broke open his money box to send sixpence, and the elderly man whose mother had

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born his guiding angel, were represented. And all stops between.

So far as Mrs. Emma was concerned, the money was more than welcome. She cheerfully paid off the three cash orders which had been hanging fire for some time, and put a deposit on a fur coat for the winter.

Florrie, for the sake of artistic color, was now permitted to discard the bandage in favor of adhesive plaster. Her thin, wintry face peered out of the *Star* each day, as Sheila kept interest alive with photographs of Florrie taking delivery of vases.

Each morning he came out to find the front verandah cluttered up with oddly wrapped parcels deposited overnight by would-be benefactors. Already, the woodshed was bulging with them, and the lounge room had no more room except on the floor.

To make matters worse, numerous kindhearted *Star* readers had delivered spare vases from the *Star's* office Sheila and Bill, the photographer, came out one afternoon with a vessel.

It was the Saturday before Mother's Day, and the climax to the week's build up was a photograph of Florrie for the *Star's* Sunday edition, surrounded by the vases.

Mrs. Emma hustled Bert out of the way. She felt that he would spoil things. By the time she had unwrapped the vases, she was dealing with fury because he hadn't helped her.

On top of getting them all ready, she also had to put them away again. Florrie brooded over the sight of them being stored away. Her lower lip was thrust

out until it looked like a bulldog's snout. Nor did Bert help matters by coming in just as she had finished.

"Well," he said bitterly, "I find it for you."

"Fixed what?" demanded his spouse sadly.

"Sold the vases," said Bert. "I met the bloke what runs the second-hand shop — Gift Shoppe — 'e calls it. Sold 'im the lot. Bob each. See?" And Bert flourished a handful of notes. "E said 'e'd call it the stuff Monday."

Mrs. Emma eyed the notes greedily.

"By rights, that money's mine," she declared.

"Like hell," said Bert, pocketing it.

They took it from there. The police took it from Bert when they shoved him into the cells to cool off.

Florrie didn't want to wear the white flower next afternoon when she visited her mother in hospital, but the kindly next-door neighbor insisted.

"Mum," she said, sitting beside the bed. "Mum — next Mother's Day, I'm gonna buy you something real nice what won't break."

"You buy me anything again," said Mrs. Emma — even the bandages around her mouth couldn't disguise the venom in her voice. "You won't sit down comfortable for a week, I'll promise you. You . . ."

The nurse hustled Florrie outside. She thoughtfully unwrapped the white flower from her trunk, and stood in the bare, polished entrance hall, pulling it to pieces and then stamping on it viciously.

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THE kid opened the stable door narrowly and squeezed himself through. Old Joe was hunched over a box, scowling blackly, and as the sliver of sunlight went over him with the opening and closing of the door, he looked, still scowling. His face cleared when he saw the kid.

"Hello, Andy," he welcomed the boy. "Come to look at the Lady?"

"Auntie Jess said you'd said I could come down," said Andy, limping across the straw carefully.

"Look at her," Joe said, proudly. The Lady lifted her head curiously, thumped her tail gently a couple of times against the side of the box, and went back to nudging the half-

dozen puppies revealing her belly.

Her imminent motherhood had caused a ripple of interest in Yarrow that even a Hollywood star could not hope to excite. The Lady was almost legendary for her cleverness. She was a pure head fox terrier which Joe had acquired when he had found her mother wandering in a field. He had taken the stray in, cared for her, and returned her to the rightful owner, rather indignant at the suggestion of a reward, but happy to be given one of the pups from the next litter. Lady Claribel de Montrose was the Lady's pedigreed name.

He said frequently that she was the most intelligent creature he



## THE LAME AND THE HALT . . .

Between the crippled boy and the deformed dog there was a deep and lasting affinity.

JOHN OULTON

"There you are," said Joe, proudly. "Look at the way she's shoving them off to you, Andy."

"Could I hold one, Joe, could I?" asked Andy.

"I'll lift one out for you," said Joe, jealously. He didn't mind Andy. You couldn't be hard on a kid with a crooked leg, like young Andy had had since he was born.

Joe patted the Lady carefully with one hand, and with the other, gently scooped up a small, squirming puppy, putting it tenderly into Andy's outstretched palm, and watching the kid stroke the pup lightly with a quivering finger. The Lady lifted her head and watched anxiously, though trustful of the big man and the small boy, nuzzling the pup suspiciously when Joe put it back in the straw.

"Most intelligent animal, you mean, don't you, Joe?" he suggested, after listening to Joe holding forth on the cleverness of the Lady.

"I mean intelligent creature," said Joe, firmly. "She's got more sense than any two humans I know — and what's even better, she don't ask silly questions."

And there they were, Andy looked at them, lovingly, put out a tentative hand and tickled the Lady's ears. She sniffed at his hand, licked it, and moved a little so that he could see the pups.

"Go," whispered Andy, "they're bitches, aren't they, Joe? What's she got?"

Joe frowned angrily. "Five bitches and one dog," he grunted. "And the dog's no good."

"No good!" echoed Andy, in dismay.

"No Look," Joe scooped out

another pup, holding it on his hand. It was grotesquely formed, with abnormally long hind legs, and forelegs that were little more than stumps with feet. It looked for all the world like a fresh kangaroo disguised as a ferret.

"Gee," said Andy, inadequately. "Poor little thing." He rubbed its ears gently, feeling immediate sympathy for another horn imperfectly.

"Nelson's greyhound," mumbled Joe, sourly. "Bit the Lady in the back. Might have known."

"D'y' reckon that'd affect the pup?" asked Andy.

"Well," demanded Joe, forgetting that Andy was a mere ten years old. "What else would? The sire's a pedigreed dog, same as the Lady."

"I suppose so," nodded Andy. "What're you going to do with him?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "Andy, how'd you like him?"

Andy looked up, his face suspicious, and then rupture blurring out the disbelief.

"You mean — you want to give him to me?"

"Well," said Joe, deliberately unhelpful. "I'd just as soon you had him. You'd give him a good home."

Andy blushed with excitement. "What'll I call him, Joe? I know. Mosquito. Little and quick. That'd do him for a name, wouldn't it, Joe? Like the Lady? Don't you think it's a good name — he'll only be a little dog, won't he, Joe? But he'll be quick!" His voice rose up, excitedly, until he was almost squeaking.

Joe coughed noisily. "Shrews,"

he considered. "You could call him that if you wanted to. Mind you, he's a good dog, only he's no good for showing like that. I reckon Shrews'd be a good name for him. We could fix up a fancy name on his pedigree, Lord Mostyn of Montrose, how's that?" Joe repeated it over to himself a couple of times, and nodded his head. "Sounds all right, doesn't it? The sire's name was Prince Mostyn of Parkington — that's about right."

Andy didn't care. He was absorbed in the pup again, running his hand gently over its smooth hair.

"Course," reflected Joe, "you can't have him until he's weaned — not for some weeks yet . . ."

Andy went home in a glow of glory that carried him into the kitchen where the rest of his family were eating, stolidly. His thin, sharp-tongued mother was so engrossed with her own worries that she noticed nothing unusual when the kid slipped in.

"Kept in at school, I suppose?" she nagged, getting up from the table to get his plate of food from the oven. "What have you been doing this time? Where've you been? Didn't I tell you — What's the matter? Gone dead, too?"

Andy shook himself half back to earth.

"Gee, Mum, I didn't notice the time," he said, dreamily. "I've been up at Joe's place, looking at the Lady's pups. He's given me one."

Silence blanketed the noisy kitchen. Andy's father, the eight other children and his mother paused, open-mouthed. Bert, the father, leaned forward slightly.

"Joe gave you one of the Lady's

*"What's HE got I haven't got?"*

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hiser?" he said with disbelief. Andy nodded contentedly. "Mum, Mosquito — that's his pet name. Joe's going to give him his pedigree, Lord Mowyn of Parkington — but I'm calling him Mosquito."

"You mean — Joe actually gave him to you?" It couldn't seep through Bert's skull. "Hell, I was there when a bloke offered Joe fifty quid for a pup and he would not take it. And he gives you one — for nothing."

They didn't see Mosquito until Andy brought him home, three months later. He was a small, freakish pup. His fore legs had grown, but were still abnormally small in proportion to his abnormally long hind legs. But, he could cover the ground with amazing speed for his size. He had a small, but intelligent head, and he owned nobody except Andy.

So far as Andy was concerned, Skeeter meant a new lease of life for him. He talked to the dog as though to an old dear friend, and Skeeter soon realised that the small human with the leg in iron could not keep pace with him. Instead of Andy accommodating his pace to Skeeter, the pup reversed the position, and never went so far away from his owner that Andy could not see him.

Even at one year old, Skeeter was still small, but what he lacked in size and power, he made up with energy and cleverness. It was Skeeter who fought with the rat in the foreyard and killed it; Skeeter, whose barking led them to a snake near the baby. Skeeter, who rambled contentedly through the creek with Andy, snuffling and

ysapping continuously to the boy.

Albie Nelson drove up one Sunday, almost a year after Andy had acquired Skeeter. Albie had his pack of dogs — the greyhound that had bitten the Lady, a couple of alleged collies, a pointer and a pair of what he called setters. Albie suggested to Bert that he was going out to the Swamp to see what the King was doing, and how about taking Bert's dogs and giving them a run, too. Bert didn't mind.

The King was the old hare in the Swamp. He was another legend, a hare that they could never catch with the dogs, nor trap, nor could any dog whelped run him down or out-think him. All the men in the district had, at some time or another, pitted their best dogs against the King and lost. He was a local feature. When a party of sportsmen came down from the city on a shooting trip, and one of them had misguidedly taken a shot at the King, the local boys had quietly, but firmly, led the party back to the train and seen them off.

Andy didn't ask to go. He knew that his frail leg wouldn't stand up to pushing through swamp timber and over tussocks of grass. He went inside until they were gone, and with quietness coming over the house, called Skeeter. For the first time, the pup did not answer. He roused the house and shade, calling...

His mother came out of the kitchen, flushed with the heat of the oven.

"It's no good calling that pup," she snapped. "He went off with the other dogs."



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Andy looked at her anxiously. "What did they take him for?" he wanted to know. "He'll get hurt."

"Hurt? Rubbish. Do him good to get some proper exercise for once." And she went inside, alone, using the back door.

Andy climbed awkwardly into a low tree branch and waited, listening for the buzz of voices and the dogs to announce the arrival of their return.

He dropped off to sleep, and it was late when he woke up, but they were still not back. He slid down to the ground and went into the kitchen for a drink of water. As he emptied the mug, he heard them, and rushed outside.

Albie didn't come up to the house. Bert and the two elder boys came in, alone.

Andy stood on the back verandah, calling Skeeter. He heard the dog yelp, and he looked into the darkness, waiting for the flurry of excitement around his legs that marked Skeeter's return.

Bert came lumbering up to him, carrying something.

"Where's Skeeter?" demanded Andy, furiously.

"He's here," said Bert, putting the pup down on the verandah. Skeeter wailed, painfully.

Andy stood there, trembling with rage, not daring to look.

"We didn't do nothing," said Bert, miserably. "We didn't even know he'd come with us until we got there. And Albie's greyhound started up the Kiang and all the other dogs started off after him, see? Well, Skeeter's running with them, too, see? And going down the creek, he put his feet in a pub-

by hole and turned a somersault. Albie reckoned he'd broken his back . . ."

Andy crouched down beside the small, whining dog, touching it lightly, and wincing when the dog wailed with pain.

"Can't you do something? Isn't there anything we can do? What about amputat?" he begged, but the elder members of the family shook their heads, dolefully.

Andy crouched by the dog all night. They found him there in the morning, sleeping, one hand near the fox terrier. Bert muffled Skeeter's nose in his hand and carried him down to the back of the cowshed.

The rifle shot woke Andy. His first move was in the direction of where the dog had been when he went to sleep. And then he knew.

Andy crouched down on the floor, crying, and not caring who saw him. He was just crying, now that Skeeter had gone.

Even his mother's quick footsteps didn't rouse him. Bert explained why the kid was crying.

"Well, that's nothing," said his mother sharply. "Crying over a dog, and a poor deformed thing at that. It should have been killed when it was born and not allowed to live like that."

Andy sat up screaming.

"It was a good dog," he insisted. "Good dog be damned," said his mother callously. "Anything that's been like that ought to be killed at birth . . ."

"Then why didn't you kill me?" sobbed Andy, passionately. "Why didn't you kill me?" he demanded — and there was silence in the room.



## The HIRED Man

He hadn't been in trouble for six years;  
but \$200 was a lot of temptation for Bert.

BETTY LEE

BERT was cleaning up the straw in the stables when the boss came down to speak to him. The heavy shadow of the station-owner blotted the floor and moved slowly towards him.

"Bert," said Harrison, the boss. Bert said, "Yes, boss," and threw down the pitchfork. He wiped his grimy hands on the seat

of his greasy and torn pants. Harrison bent down to pick up a straw. After he had bitten it thoughtfully for a moment, he spoke. "Bert, I've been hearing things about you."

"Me, boss?"

"About that nose you served. I didn't know I had a good bird on the property."

Bert's eyes shifted to the floor of the stables. He kicked at a loose straw. "It was six years ago, boss. I haven't been in trouble since. Honest, Mr. Harrison, I did not think it was worth mentioning to you. You seem to be a broad-minded sort of bloke."

Harrison said: "I am a broad-minded bloke, Bert. That's why I like you so much. It's me that's hoping that you're broad-minded, too."

"What do you mean, boss?"

"How would you like to earn two hundred quid?"

Bert's eyes popped in the rickety of his lined face. "Two hundred quid! For doing what?"

"For doing a job."

"That's a lot of money for a job, Mr. Harrison," said Bert. "It

must be pretty dangerous . . ."

"Just the way you look at it," said Harrison. "It might be dangerous, and then again, it mightn't. If you do it properly, there'll be nothing to worry about."

Bert picked up his pitchfork again. "I haven't said I'd do it yet."

"I think you will," said Harrison, and he smiled. "Just like I said . . . I think you're a broad-minded sort of bloke."

The boss moved over to a bale and surrendered his weight. "I want you to murder my wife," he said.

Bert was silent.

"Well?" said the Boss.

"It was robbery that I was in for," said the hired man. "I've never murdered anyone in my life." He looked at Harrison. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Too risky," said the Boss. "We could make it look like burglary. Papers all over the floor. You could be away by morning. I'd give the police enough wrong leads to let you get clear of the State."

"What's wrong with your mission?" asked Bert. He was stalling for time. This needed careful consideration. Two hundred quid was a lot of money . . . too much to throw away with a shake of the head. But then again, the police knew him . . . his name was on the files . . .

"What do you think's wrong with her?" Harrison was saying.

"Hell, she's been rotting away in that room of hers for years. She never moves . . . she never goes out . . . she's like a ball and chain around my leg. And every year she grows fatter and fatter, like a



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stinking, bloated porpoise. I don't want her . . . she doesn't even want to live herself, any longer. All she wants is to eat and sleep . . . shovel and snore. It would be like carrying out a corpse if I could get rid of her."

Bert said: "I see your point, boss. It looks easy, it sounds easy . . . but a murder is a serious business, see. It's not like picking a safe or swiping a load of jewels. It needs careful planning. More than careful planning . . . perfect."

"Yes, I know," said Harron. "And I've thought it out, Bert. Believe me, it can't miss. I've been chewing it over for months."

"Mr. Harron," said Bert, and he leaned heavily on his pitchfork. "Two hundred quid isn't to be sneezed at in my position. I'll consider the job. But, boss . . . that plan of yours better be good."

Harron did not want any blood. He confided to Bert that he hated the sight of blood. He preferred struggling. It was cleaner and slightly more dignified than guns or knives.

"Now, my office is next door to Esther's room," he explained to Bert. "My wife's in there, too. Fortunately, my room is on the other side of the house, so my alibi is that I didn't hear a thing. The police will suspect that Esther heard something and wanted to make a noise. The murderer garrotted her and got away with the money."

"I see," said Bert. "And what about these phoney leads of yours?"

"Wrong description," said Harron. "There's only old John to say otherwise, and he's half blind. The cook's dumb enough to say

anything I want her to. You're about six feet tall, see . . . fair hair and blue eyes. And your name is Jack Woods."

"That sounds good enough," agreed Bert. "All right. When?"

"Tonight. Why not tonight? The sooner the better. Come up to the house at ten-thirty. I'll give you the money, fix up the office, and you can do the job."

As he finished cleaning the stables, Bert thought: "Well, what do you know? It's murder for me now. First the cigar-store job and reform school, then the forgeries and the pickpocketing . . . and finally the catch-up for the Smith job. And then this bloke talks me into murder."

His fingers closed around the handle of his pitchfork. He squeezed harder and harder, until the knuckles on his hands showed white against the lemons. His muscles cracked with the effort, and he tightened his lips in an agony of concentration.

"It's strangulation," he thought. "Choking. She's fat, too. Too fat. And she'll scream. Oh, God, I know she'll scream, poor wretch, and then I might feel frightened."

He threw away the fork and strode across the darkening yard to his shack. He had a bottle of whisky . . .

It was ten o'clock when Harron opened the door of his safe and took out his roll of notes. Five hundred pounds in ten-pound notes, neatly clipped together with a thick rubber band.

Two hundred pounds was high pay, but when he thought of the cool breath of freedom with Esther out of the way, he quickly

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picked the green paper from the wall and placed the two piles on the table.

Systematically, he pulled out various papers from the safe and threw them around the room. He nudged out the strong-box and left it gaping. There were a couple of oval necklaces in it belonging to Esther, and he threw them on the floor as if the thief had decided not to bother with them.

He kicked over a chair and neatly disarranged the table. Dragging at the carpet, he rucked it cleverly as though the thief had tripped over it during his hurried getaway. Then he stood back to survey his work.

Bert's knock caught him unawares. He had no idea it was so late. He darted across the room and opened the door leading to the passage. The hired man barked in.

"You're drunk," said Harron.

"Sure," said Bert. "Did you think I could do this job sober? I'm not as tough as I look." He swayed into a chair.

"The place looks pretty. You've thought of everything."

"Look here," said Harron. "I don't like this. I want this job done properly . . . cleanly."

"Cleanly!" echoed Bert. "That's a laugh. Whoever heard of a murder being clean?"

Harron raised his hand to his lips. "Quiet. Do you want her to hear?"

"Mr. Harron," stammered Bert. "You're magnificent! You're the whitest, straightest guy I ever met. Do you know what I'm going to do with that money?"

Harron said, shortly: "No, what?"

"I'm going to the Islands. I'm going to buy a little shack in the jungle and live on coconuts and native girls."

"That's fine."

"Yeah, Mr. Harron. No more stinking stations for me. No more stables and horses, I hate horses. I hate stations. I hate station-owners."

"All right, Bert," said Harron. "Now, here's your money. Two hundred quid. Do you want to count it?"

Bert shook his head groggily. "I trust you. I'd trust you anywhere. Why, Mr. Harron . . . I'd even trust you with my own life." He held out his hand, and Harron folded the smaller stack of notes on the table and slipped it into Bert's outstretched palm.

"Have you ever strangled anyone before?" asked Harron.

"No, I haven't, boss," said the hired man gravely. "That's one talent I haven't got."

"Look here, Bert," said Harron. "You've got to do this right. Take her by surprise . . . another bar a bit first with a pillow, and then get her by the throat." He moved across to Bert and dug his thick fingers into the man's neck.

"It's here, you've got to get her," he explained. "Right here."

"I know, Mr. Harron," nodded Bert. "I get what you mean." He barked to his feet. "Let's go."

Harron looked excited. "Everything's arranged," he said. "You don't have to worry about a thing. I've spared the cook, and I dreamed the new description into old John all afternoon . . ." He broke off. Bert was looking greedily at the stack of notes on the table.

"More money?" the hired man mumbled.

"Yes," said Harron. "That's mine. You've got yours in your pocket."

"That's right, I have," said Bert. He patted his shirt. "Two hundred pounds. There must be more in that pile, is there?"

"A little more," agreed Harron. "Now, all you've got to do is open that door and go in."

Bert stood looking at him. The two men were silent for a moment, then the hired man snarled:

"You got me into this, Harron. I've never murdered before. Not in my life. But I've got to do it now. I've got to get away."

"I've got to have money."

Leaping suddenly, he knocked Harron to the floor. The station

owner was taken by surprise. He was about to scream, but a sharp pressure on his throat cut off his wind and he lay purgling and spluttering beneath Bert's desperate weight. His hands flayed the air, but the hired man was bearing down on his throat with every ounce of strength he could muster. Bert smiled in his manery.

Harron's face turned slowly red, then purple. His tongue lolled helplessly from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes popped curiously in his contorted face.

Finally, Bert staggered to his feet. He was panting. For a moment he listened to the deep, sorrowful snore echoing from the next room.

Then he stuffed the second stack of notes into his shirt pocket.

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# GEMS FROM THE

## Cavalcade STORYTELLER



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FOUR men stumbled over the rough ground. They were fugitives — escapees from a prison camp who had chosen to challenge the cruel Australian bush in preference to enduring the harshness of their authority-craved guards.

Behind them came their erstwhile captives; ahead lay the unknown . . . an ink blackness peopled with menacing, menacing shapes . . . aborigines who had learnt to regard the whites as their natural enemies.

Suddenly, silently, one of the men fell — victim to a spear hurled through the night. And three men went on . . . The guards were close, now; the fugitives

\*\*\*\*\*

heard them crashing through the bush, heard their shouts, and they knew that they had been seen. They began to run. Across the silence whipped the track of a rifle, and another of the escapees went down.

Two men went on . . . two men spurred by loss of the gunnys, yet haunted by the ghostly shapes which were beginning to surround them. Then one of the remaining convicts, hands upraised in surrender, turned back to meet the guards. And now, William Buckley went on alone. Night gave way to day, and under the icy sun Buckley stumbled on. Again came night — an unfriendly night in which black shadows came even closer.

The guards, knowing that the bush and the aborigines held little hope for a lone white man, returned to camp. But the fitting shadows remained.

Buckley was stumbling now, often falling, as his weary legs



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conquered his will. But doggedness and the primal instinct to live kept him on.

His foot struck a root, and he fell heavily. Rising, he sought a sturdy stick to assist him over the ground.

The blacks, conscious of helplessness, approached scornfully — indeed, sent only two women to take him captive. As the women drew near, they stopped and stared at him with awe-stricken eyes. Then, chattering, they returned to their men.

The men, too, came and stared at the tall white man. Presently, they brought him food and water,

and signed to him to be at peace.

It was many, many months before Buckley knew enough of their language to understand why he had suddenly been accepted among them: that Munangark, their brother, had died and according to the custom of the tribe, had been buried with his spear raised above his grave.

Had not the tall man come to them carrying that very spear, so that the legend that their brothers would return as white men had been fulfilled?

Thus, by a strange quirk of fate — Buckley's Chance — he had been saved from death . . .

\*\*\*\*\*



## CHARLES

Stamford came to Australia to participate in the Victorian goldrush of the '80's. He died, a renowned miner, over 20 years later. And he left behind him a monument conceived in frustration and achieved by perseverance. Stamford was a difficult prisoner — perhaps because the future held little hope, for his sentence totalled 22 years. A stone-mason by trade, he was put to work digging blue stone at Penridge Gool; but as unmanageable as he was by day, his nights were spent in peace, and the slate in his cell was covered with drawings.

The good chaplain, eager to encourage, spent many hours with him; and by way of repayment, Stamford presented him with a minute statue carved from a piece he had found in his store.

As a result of the gift, Stamford was asked by the Governor for an assurance that he would not attempt to escape, and when the promise was given, he was allowed to work on his carvings without interference. More — Charles Summers, one of the foremost sculptors in the colony, was brought to Penridge in order to give Stamford instruction.

Stamford became a model prisoner, for he was inspired by one burning ambition: to create an intricate fountain. So, for two years, he labored at the work he loved. Slowly, from the unhelpful blue-stone, the fountain was taking shape.

News of his skill spread beyond the prison walls, and a movement for his release was initiated. Eventually, he was released, but he returned to the gaol almost daily to

complete the fountain. Then at last, it was done . . . a solid, hard-earned work of beautiful execution. Stamford presented it to the Government. But the ex-convict was dying — a victim of the fine dust

which had flown from beneath his chisel in his frantic endeavours to complete his work before being claimed by death. And today, the fountain stands in its monument in Spring Street, Melbourne.

\*\*\*\*\*



SHE was a dancing teacher — and a good teacher, at that. But her own ability as a dancer was slight — certainly not enough to carry her to fame.

There was one other thing she could do well: she could sing. Her repertoire was good, and her ambition was to sing in Grand Opera.

Finally, she gave up the dancing school, accepted a loan from her family, and went to New York. There, she found a teacher — a little wasted man with a reputation for making stars. His fee was high, and she confessed that she wasn't rich; generously, he offered to give her an audition. If it was successful, he would teach her at half his usual fee.

Gently, he played the opening notes of an aria from Madame Butterfly, and she took up the song. When she had finished, he looked at her in a friendly manner. Yes,

her voice was good, her control perhaps better than most. But she would never make an opera star!

Disappointed, she told him of her ambitions . . . how she had forsaken her dancing school in order to attain them. And the famous professor to whom the production of opera stars was a commonplace event, gave her some strange advice: he told her to concentrate on popular music . . . on swing and torch songs.

He advised her to go to a music store and study the latest song-books, to practise singing them — for there was that quality in her voice which even he, an opera enthusiast, recognised as being perfect for torch-singing.

He was right. Today the girl is a Broadway and Hollywood star . . . a girl who sought fame in the world of opera and found it instead in that of swing.

Her name is Mary Martin.

\*\*\*\*\*



GOLD from mineral salts!

There was frank disbelief in the eyes of most of the men who crowded into Herr Doktor Sem-

ler's study . . . but among them, too, were men whose trust in the doctor was complete. For he was a man, not merely of science, but of the church.

He had already shown them some gold which, he said, he had produced from salts . . . tiny flakes of gold which he had found on the bottom of the jar in which he had conducted his experiments. The first time he had achieved the miracle, he had remained silent, for he knew that his claim would be ridiculed; but when he had performed the feat half a dozen times, he had told friends of his discovery.

The men stood around in silence, watching Semler as he tested water to ensure its purity; as he tipped in the salts; as he placed the jar on the stove.

Then they sealed the door to make sure that no trickery would be used . . .

The following day, after having agreed that the seals were intact, they entered the room. They stopped short in amazement . . . for on the bottom of the jar were scat-

tered, tiny yellow flakes! Gold! Semler tipped out the water and collected the minute flakes. He handed them around to the others. Suddenly a ripple of laughter ran through the assembly: this was not gold, but brass!

Semler was bewildered. He could only reiterate that in all his previous experiments the gold had been there . . . had not they seen it with their own eyes? Perhaps he had not used enough salts; he would try again.

This time, the jar contained no metal at all. Laughing, scoffing, the others quit the room, leaving Semler in his despair.

Semler died shortly after, heart-broken. For his wife continued that in order that he would not be disappointed by failure, she had bought gold leaf and placed it in the jar; then, when she could no longer afford gold, she had secured brass . . .

\*\*\*\*\*



IN London, in the early part of the last century, there lived a journalist named Charles Whitehead. He was well-practiced in his craft, and consequently, demanded for his work exceeded his capacity. One day, to Whitehead came an artist, seeking a writer to build stories around his drawings. Would Whitehead himself care to undertake the task?

The journalist was regretful, but firm; he had not the time to accept the commission. The artist

thought for a moment, and said:

"Then, can you help me? Can you suggest a man to whom I might go?"

The journalist picked up a pen and scribbled a name on a piece of paper.

"This is your man," he said, "and he should accept the job. He is a struggling young writer of definite talent."

When the artist looked at the slip he read the name *Giles Deleaux* . . .

The struggling young writer



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accepted the task with enthusiasm. When a sample story had been prepared, the artist's doubts vanished, to be replaced by delight. Here was a man whose writings, he was sure, would not enthrall merely his generation, but many generations to come.

From the instant it was published the book was an outstanding success. Dickens wrote another book, and again he was received with acclamation. Thus began the career of the greatest writer of the age.

But what of Whitehead, the man to whom Dickens' success was indirectly due . . . the man whose name might have appeared on the title leaf of *Pebbles Papers*?

Soon after publication of the classic, he came to Australia to join the staff of Melbourne Punch. But his career was unremarkable. He wrote nothing of great worth, and he died in such obscurity that neither the date of his death nor the place in which he rests have been recorded . . .

\*\*\*\*\*



THE traffic on Fifth Avenue was heavy, but he was an impetuous man to whom thought and action were finely divided. He wanted to cross the street, and started to do so.

Suddenly, there was the squeal of brakes . . . When the visitor to New York awoke, he was in hospital.

He tried to move his head, but the pain which shot through him warned against a second attempt. The doctor who saw him later told him that he had been struck by a truck, and that his condition was serious; fifteen bones in his body had been broken, and he had suffered an internal haemorrhage. What were his chances? the man asked. And the doctor told him that he would have to fight.

For days, the injured man clung to life, refusing to surrender to the death which would have re-

leased him from pain. Then the tide turned. He was still in danger, and the doctors urged him to remain quiet. To their amazement, he asked that a competent stenographer be sent to the room.

The stenographer came. At the end of the first day, she had filled two notebooks, and was told to return the next day.

The article which the man dictated was called "My New York Adventure," and before he had reached consciousness, he had sold it for \$750.

Those who saw him perform the task were amazed at his fortitude; to him, it was just an ordinary job; but to the world it had greater significance . . . for it was an example of the indomitable spirit, which, many years after, he was to instill in a nation which also came close to death.

For the patient was Winston Churchill.

## IN MIDDLE AGE KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if frequent and poor kidney action is experienced, nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about three pints a day.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling and puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a standard-therapeutic and successfully by millions for over 45 years. Doan's are a special medicine for the kidneys and will help the 15 million of kidney trouble eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE FOR

# DOAN'S

Backache Kidney Pills

# Talking Points

\* *Cover Girl* If being married to Bob Dyer, of radio fame, makes DOLLY MACK a hit-Jib, then we are pleased to bow our head in modest recognition for having coined a phrase. Time was when Dolly was with the Thyoth bullet, but in accepting Bob for a spouse, she also accepted the duties of temp-write of his radio show.

Dolly weighs 3 stone, which is nicely distributed over her 5ft 6½ inches of highly appealing framework.

\* Purely as a trick to make you feel that you know our contributors intimately we give you these few notes on the men who helped us make this over. MERVYN ANDREWS (*Where Did You Get That Hat*, p. 16) was a kick line who came to the city to become a law clerk, and then turned to freelance journalism as a much more exciting way to earn an honest penny. After a few years, he sought new adventures and joined the Postmaster Army in 1946, on his discharge in 1945, returned to writing. FREDERICK T. SMITH, who peeps through the Chamber's top-hole dash watch and tells readers of his observations was for many years chief of an international news syndicate in the Federal Capital. Any resemblance between the literary style of MICHAEL NOONAN (*Monday's Day*, p. 38) and that of another CAVALCADE contributor, BILLY MCGLONERY is purely a friendly matter, for Mike is Bill's nephew.

\* Trouble, trouble. Being a tip that day's mail was the following conversation:



"I said, with interest, the article *The Techniques of Radio Riding*, in the February issue of CAVALCADE. Being on the train when I read it, I discussed it with a fellow passenger, and one thing led to another with the result that I let him I could travel to the city the next day without paying my fare.

"I was the 3/-, but I am a little more than 4/- out of pocket, due to being fined for fare-evasion. Please do not publish any more articles of this type."

Feeling pretty sorry for the writer, we attempted to offer his letter to the author of the article, D'ARCY NOLAND, who in his youth had a penchant for hopping trains. We were informed, however, that D'ARCY is on his way to New Zealand by boat. We were not able to learn whether the old habit had come back to him and he was travelling storage, or not.

But in the event of our receiving a manuscript titled *The Art of Stealing Trains* we warn ferry passengers that we accept no responsibility for their subsequent actions.

\* **PREVIEW!** Mr. RANDALL (Christian name: Ronald) went to Hollywood and now seeks to CAVALCADE readers of what he euphemistically calls "My Career in the Celluloid City." Our title of the article is *Just My Hollywood Wasted*.

If you're planning to jump the next boat for San Francisco, better wait until you've read his story. It may save you money. And disappointment. Incidentally, he writes just as easily as he plays the same part in the film, *Swifty*.

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Not so good to find that Jantzen supplies of men's knitwear are still very restricted, even though the Jantzen machines are whirling their fastest to keep up with the

demand. Your new Jantzen will be worth waiting for!

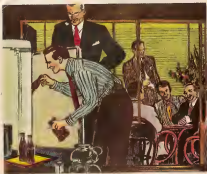
*Jantzen Knitwear for Women*

Jantzen makes a special feature of smartly designed and fully tailored knitwear for women too — but the only trouble is fashion models are still very limited.

**Jantzen**  
KNITWEAR

"Finely tailored for perfect fit"

How about a breather . . .  
Have a Coca-Cola



*. . . or refreshment joins the game*

There's one deal in the game when everybody wins. That's when the host says "Have a Coke". Everybody welcomes the time when refreshment joins the party. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is one of the good things of life that belongs in your friendly refrigerator. Next time you shop, don't forget Coca-Cola. . . the drink that has made the pause that refreshes a permanent institution . . . a friendly little interlude on the sunny side of things.



It's named for people, rather to people, friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, U.S.A.

(Incorporated in the U.S.A.)  
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